



C08 AA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/b28036190>







EPISTLES VOL. I.

Your father sends you this &
lets you know
That your own crimes the use
of it will show

Canace to Mariamens Verse 23



O V I D ' S
E P I S T L E S:

TRANSLATED BY
EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY
SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

They live, they speak, they breathe, what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to it's fires. POPE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Wain, Fleet-Street,

Anno 1795.

STA 421

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS LIBRARY	
CLASS	C 08 GAR
ACCN.	2-5516
SOURCE	
DATE	

O V I D ' S
E P I S T L E S :

TRANSLATED BY

POPE, || DRYDEN,
AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

<i>SAPHO TO PHAON,</i>		<i>LEANDER TO HERO,</i>
<i>CANACE TO MACAREUS,</i>		<i>PARIS TO HELEN.</i>

&c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1795.

TO THE LADY
LOUISA LENOS.

MADAM,

IN moving lines these few EPISTLES tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well :
How faintly the successful lovers burn ;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when soft entreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late ;
Too sure they love when e'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves ;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.

In diff'ring breasts what diff'ring passions glow !
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns :
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.
Your sex, in all that can engage, excel ;
And ours, in patience, and persuading well.
Impartial nature equally decrees ;
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.

DEDICATION.

Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Tho' infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing
flow'rs;

Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenal bloom,
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish, but for you.
The muse shall string her lyre with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light.
But when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise;
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies;
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty shines;
And ev'ry star its fading fire resigns.

S. GARTH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE public having encouraged so many editions of Ovid's Epistles, I began to think if any thing might yet be added to the perfection of the work. And the greater part of Sapho to Phaon being omitted in Sir Carr Scrope's translation, I solicited an entire new version of that epistle, to render the whole book complete. The Author of it will have me acquaint the reader, that it was undertaken on that account only, and not out of any supposed defect in what that gentleman had done.

It was proposed in this Edition to change the method of the Epistles according to the chronological order, and the connexion the subjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the ease of the English reader, by clearing some historical passages referred to in several of them; but custom having obtained to the contrary, we have only subjoined the following account:

The chief of those who undertook the expedition of the Golden Fleece, were Hercules and Jason: some writers add Theseus, who was contemporary with them, and famous for his victory over the Minotaur, which he achieved by the assistance of Ariadne, whom afterwards forsaking, he married Phædra, who fell in love with his son Hippolytus. Jason as he went on the formentioned expedition was entertained by Hypsipile at Lemnos, but deserted her for Medea, and afterwards Medea for Creusa. Hercules

ADVERTISEMENT.

after his return was poisoned with a shirt sent by Dejanira. This hero had twice taken Troy in the time of king Laomedon, to whom Priam succeeded, the father of Paris, at whose birth it was prophesied that he should occasion it to be destroyed a third time. Being therefore educated among the shepherds, he contracted a love to *Ænone*; 'till hearing of *Helena*, he sailed to Sparta, and carried her from thence to Troy; this caused the war of the Grecian Princes against Troy; among whom *Protesilaus* (the husband of *Laodamia*) was the first that set foot on the enemies' ground, and was killed on the spot. After the war had been continued nine years, a quarrel arising betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, the latter absented himself from the army, and the former in revenge forced his mistress *Briseis* from him. When Troy was taken, the Greeks returning homeward met with many disasters. *Ulysses* was ten years detained from *Ithaca*, while his queen *Penelope* was afflicted by the suitors in his absence. *Demophoon* was hospitably received by *Phillis*, whom, after he had married, he left, and pursued his voyage home to Athens. *Agamemnon* himself at his return to Argos was murdered by his wife, whom his son *Orestes* killed, who was betrothed to *Hermione*, the daughter of *Helena*. About the same time *Æneas* going in search of Italy, was detained by *Dido*, who stabbed herself upon his departure from Carthage.

The rest of the subjects of *Ovid* have no connexion with each other, neither can their time be certainly fixed; only *Hyperminestra* is supposed to have lived some time before, and *Sapho* long after all the rest,

OVID'S EPISTLES.

SAPHO TO PHAON.

BY THE HON. SIR CARR SCROPE, BART.

Argument.

The poetess Sapho, forsaken by her lover Phaon (who had removed from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolved, in despair, to drown herself, writes this letter to him before she dies.

WHILE Phaon to the flaming Ætna flies,
Consum'd with no less fires poor Sapho dies.
I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
When by the driving winds the flames are borne.
My muse and lute can now no longer please, 5
They are th' employments of a mind at ease.
Wand'ring from thought to thought I sit alone
All day, and my once dear companions shun:

In vain the Lesbian maids claim each a part,
 Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the heart. 10
 Ah lovely youth ! how canst thou cruel prove,
 When blooming years and beauty bid thee love ?
 If none but equal charms thy heart can bind,
 Then to thyself alone thou must be kind.
 Yet worthless as I am, there was a time 15
 When Phaon thought me worthy his esteem.
 A thousand tender things to mind I call ;
 For they who truly love remember all.
 Delighted with the music of my tongue,
 Upon my words with silent joy he hung, 20 }
 And snatching kisses, stopp'd me as I sung :
 Kisses, whose melting touch his soul did move,
 The earnest of the coming joys of love.
 Then tender words, short sighs, and thousand charms
 Of wanton arts, endear'd me to his arms ; 25
 'Till both expiring with tumultuous joys,
 A gentle faintness did our limbs surprise.
 Beware, Sicilian ladies, ah ! beware,
 How you receive my faithless wanderer.
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe 30
 The flatt'ring words that he so well can give.
 Loose to the winds, I let my flowing hair
 No more with fragrant scents perfume the air, }
 But all my dress discovers wild despair.
 For whom, alas ! should now my art be shown ? 35
 The only man I car'd to please is gone.

Oh let me once more see those eyes of thine :
 Thy love I ask not, do but suffer mine.
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last farewell,
 And feign'd a sorrow which thou didst not feel. 40
 No kind rememb'ring pledge was ask'd by thee,
 And nothing left but injuries with me.
 Witness, ye Gods, with what a death-like cold
 My heart was seiz'd, when first thy flight was told.
 Speechless and stupid for a while I lay, 45
 And neither words nor tears could find their way.
 But when my swelling passion forc'd a vent,
 With hair dishevel'd, clothes in pieces rent,
 Like some mad mother thro' the streets I run,
 Who to his grave attends her only son. 50
 Expos'd to all the world myself I see,
 Forgetting virtue, fame, and all but thee ;
 So ill, alas ! do love and shame agree !
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant care,
 In pleasing dreams thou comfort'st my despair ; 55
 And mak'st the night, that does thy form convey,
 Welcome to me above the fairest day.
 Then 'spite of absence I thy love enjoy ;
 In close embraces lock'd methinks we lie ;
 Thy tender words I hear, thy kisses feel, 60
 With all the joys that shame forbids to tell.
 But when I waking miss thee from my bed,
 And all my pleasing images are fled ;

The dear deluding vision to retain,
I lay me down, and try to sleep again. 65
Soon as I rise I haunt the caves and groves,
(Those conscious scenes of our once happy loves)
There like some frantic Bacchanal I walk,
And to myself with sad distraction walk.
Then big with grief I throw me on the ground, 70
And view the melancholy grotto round,
Whose hanging roof of moss and craggy stone
Delights my eyes above the brightest throne :
But when I spy the hank, whose grassy bed
Retains the print our weary bodies made ; 75
On thy forsaken side I lay me down,
And with a show'r of tears the place I drown.
The trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their mourning on.
No warbling bird does now with music fill 80
The woods, except the mournful Philomel.
With her's my dismal notes all night agree,
Of Tereus she complains and I of thee.
Ungentle youth ! didst thou but see me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou wou'dst, thou wou'dst return.
My constant falling tears the paper stain, 86
And my weak hand can scarce direct my pen.
Oh ! could thy eyes but reach my dreadful state,
As now I stand prepar'd for sudden fate,
Thou could'st not see this naked breast of mine 90
Dash'd against rocks, rather than join'd to thine.

Peace, Sapho, peace ! thou send'st thy fruitless cries
To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas.
The flying winds bear thy complaints away,
But none will ever back his sails convey. 95
No longer then thy hopeless love attend,
But let thy life here with thy letter end.

SAPHO TO PHAON.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED BY MR. POPE.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sapho's hand ?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove ?
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love !
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose, 5
 The lute neglected, and the lyric muse :
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn,
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne ! 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires !
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds :
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease :
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine ! 20

Whom wou'd not all those blooming charms surprise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than even those Gods contend in charms with thee.
 The muses teach me all their softest lays, 31
 And the wide world resounds with Sapho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.
 To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Tho' short by stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame.
 Turtles and doves, of different hues, unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!

Yet once thy Sapho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy : 50
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh ! how vast a memory has love !
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame ?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sapho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains ! 70
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears ;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame ;

An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd, diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom should Sapho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sapho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or while my muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those, Aurora, Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
The vows you never will return, receive :
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears ;
The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
“ Farewel, my Lesbian love !” you might have said,
Or coldly thus, “ Farewel, oh Lesbian maid !”
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sapho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this ; “ Be mindful of our loves, and live.” 120
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood ; 125
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood :
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow ;
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe.
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ; 130
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again :

Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears.
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And why this grief! thy daughter lives; he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 And torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 O night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And drest in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give and take:
 Then fiercer joys—I blush to mention these,
 Yet while I blush confess how much they please!
 But when with day the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes, to dream of you again.
 Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove; 160

As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble or the Parian stone. 166
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before,
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
All, but the mournful Philomel and I.
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus, she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
A flow'ry Lotus spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove:
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
Before my sight a watry virgin stood.
She stood, and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence; and seek the fair Leucadian main:

There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ; 190
 There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd ;
 But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196
 Haste, Sapho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"
 He spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 Go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove !
 How much I fear, but ah ! how much I love !
 Go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires :
 Let female fears submit to female fires !
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below ;
 And thou kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings and waft me o'er the main, }
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane ! }
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below :
 Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
 Sapho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre. 215

“ What suits with Sapho, Phœbus suits with thee ;
 “ The gift the giver and the god agree.

But why, alas, relentless youth! ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sapho fly ?
 Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me, 221
 Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they !
 Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast 224
 Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd ?
 This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;
 Where the loves play'd, and where the muses dwell,
 Alas ! the muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath the weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string ;
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, 236
 (Wretch that I am to call that Phaon mine)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song !
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires, 240
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?
 Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart or teach it how to love ?

The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sapho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain, 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales,
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas, unpity'd, I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love !

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Argument.

MACAREUS and **Canace**, son and daughter of **Iolus**, God of the winds, loved each other incestuously: **Canace** was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to **Æolus**, who, enrag'd at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be expos'd to wild beasts on the mountains: And withal, sent a sword to **Canace**, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: But before she dy'd, she writ the following letter to her brother **Macareus**, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of **Apollo**.

In streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
 Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain :
 One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
 And in my lap the ready paper lies.
 Think in this posture thou behold'st me write : 5
 In this my cruel father would delight.
 O were he present, that his eyes and hands
 Might see and urge the death which he commands ;
 Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
 Unmov'd, without a tear my wounds would see. 10

Love justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
 His people's temper is so like his own.
 The north, and south, and each contending blast,
 Are underneath his wide dominion cast :
 Those he can rule, but his tempestuous mind 15
 Is like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
 Ah ! what avail my kindred gods above,
 That in their number I can reckon Jove !
 What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
 When to my breast I lift the pointed sword ? 20
 That hour which join'd us came before its time,
 In death we had been one without a crime.
 Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move ?
 Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love ?
 For I lov'd too ; and know'ng not my wound, 25
 A secret pleasure in thy kisses found :
 My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
 My food grew loathsome and my strength I lost :
 Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue ; 29
 Short were my slumbers and my nights were long.
 I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
 Yet was alas, the thing I did not know.
 My wily nurse by long experience found,
 And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
 'Tis love, said she, and then my downcast eyes, 35
 And guilty dumbness witness my surprise,
 Forc'd at the last my shameful pain I tell :
 And, oh, what follow'd ! we both know too well !

“ When half denying, more than half content,
“ Embraces warm’d me to a full consent. 40
“ Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
“ And guilt that made them anxious made them
great.

But now my swelling womb heav’d up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs opprest.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their pow’rful juice ? 46
What med’cines try’d we not, to thee unknown ?
Our first crime common ; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature’s vigour did our arts repel. 50
And now the pale-fac’d empress of the night,
Nine times had fill’d her orb with borrow’d light :
Not knowing ’twas my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain :
My throes came thicker, and my cries increast, 55
Which, with herhands, the conscious nurse suppress.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg’d my clamours ; but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain’d my cries,
And drank the tears that trickled from my eyes. 60
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid ;
And even my dying had my guilt betray’d.
Thou cam’st ; and in thy count’nance sat despair :
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair :

Yet seeing comfort which thou could'st not give, 65
 Press'd in thy arms and whisp'ring me to live)
 For both our sakes (saidst thou) preserve thy life :
 Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.

Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove :
 Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those we
 love : 70

The babe as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
 With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
 What helps it to have weather'd out one storm ?
 Fear of our father does another form.

High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state, 75
 The king with his tempestuous council sate ;
 Thro' this large room our only passage lay,
 By which we could the new-born babe convey ;
 Swath'd in her lap the hold nurse bore him out :
 With olive branches cover'd round about ; 80
 And, mutt'ring prayers, as holy rites she meant,
 Thro' the divided crowd unquestion'd went.

Just at the door th' unhappy infant cry'd :
 The grandsire heard him and the theft he spy'd. 85
 Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
 And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.

With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away :
 Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
 The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind,
 Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd. 90

Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
 Nor seas themselves when angry tempests roar,
 Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear :
 The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain : 95
 Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
 I only answer'd him with silent tears ;
 They flow'd ; my tongue was frozen up with fears.
 His little grandchild he commands away,
 To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey. 100
 The babe cry'd out as if he understood,
 And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
 By what expressions can my grief be shown ;
 (Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)
 To see my bowels, and what yet was worse, 105
 Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse !
 Out went the king ; my voice its freedom found,
 My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
 And now appear'd the messenger of death,
 Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
 To say, ' Your father sends you ——' (with that
 word
 His trembling hands presented me a sword)
 ' Your father sends you this, and lets you know,
 ' That your own crimes the use of it will show.'
 Too well I know the sense those words impart ; 115
 His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.

Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou god of marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place, 120
Instead of that, let furies light their brands;
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Earn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
tend? 125
How could thy infant innocence offend?
What guilt there was, but Oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
My mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd
Torn to my sight, and born to be destroy'd! 130
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Tagg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
My un-offending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave!
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair; 135
Nor shew the grief which tender mothers bear.
At long thou shalt not from my arms be lost,
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
At thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care. 140
And scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.

If on my wounded breast thou drop'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did
bear:

And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

PHILLIS TO DEMOPHOON.

BY EDWARD POLEY, ESQ.

Argument.

Demophoon, who was son to Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the Trojan war into his own country, was by a tempest driven upon the coast of Thrace, where Phillis, who was the queen of Thrace, entertain'd and marry'd him. When he had stay'd with her some time, he heard that Mnæstheus was dead (who, after he had conquer'd Theseus, had usurp'd the government of Athens) and under pretence of settling his own affairs, he went to Athens, and promis'd the queen that he would come back again in a month. When he had been gone four months, and that she had heard no news of him, she writes him this letter.

You've gone beyond your time, and ought to give
 To kind a wife as Phillis leave to grieve.
 You promis'd me you would no longer stay,
 Than till the first full moon should light your way.
 Thrice did it since its borrow'd light renew, 5
 And thrice has chang'd, but not so much as you.
 Did you the days, and hours, and minutes, tell,
 As Phillis does, and they that love so well,

You'd say, 'twere time to weep; your sorrows too,
Would justify those tears she sheds for you. 10
Still did I hope, and thought you'd still be here;
We hardly can believe those things we fear;
Now 'tis too plain, and spite of love and you,
I must both fear it, and believe it too.
How oft did I deceive myself, and swore 15
I saw your ship just making to the shore?
Then curs'd those friends I thought had caus'd your
stay;
Would you were half so innocent as they.
Sometimes I fear'd by foaming billows tost,
You might be shipwrck'd whilst you sought the 20
coast.
And griev'd t' have injur'd whom I thought so true,
I begg'd that pardon I'd refus'd to you.
Then, cruel man! did I the gods implore
To let you live, tho' I ne'er saw you more,
When I a favourable gale espy'd, 25
He comes if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
And thus my love still sought some new pretence,
And I grew eloquent in your defence.
Yet thou avoid'st me still, nor do I see
Those promises thou mad'st to heaven and me. 30
" But thy false vows, alas! were all but wind,
" Thy vows and wishes made the gale more kind:
" They fill'd our sails, and you were forc'd away
" By the same wishes, which you made to stay."

What have I done but lov'd to an excess? 35
 You'd not been guilty had I lov'd you less.
 My only crime is, loving you too well;
 But sure some merit in that crime does dwell.
 Where's now your faith? And where's the love you
 bore?

Where are the gods by whom you falsely swore? 40
 Where's Hymen too, who join'd our tender years?
 He bid me love, and banish'd all my fears.
 You swore by th' swelling billows of the main,
 Which you oft try'd, and yet would trust again,
 Rather than stay with me tho' much more kind, 45
 And constant too, than are the seas or wind.
 You swore by the great ruler of the flood,
 The heav'nly author of your royal blood;
 (If e'er a god had any thing to do
 In one so false and so unkind as you) 50
 You swore by Venus and the fatal steel
 Of those proud darts which too, too much I feel!
 And by great Juno, whose resistless art
 Gave thee my hand, when I had giv'n my heart.
 Thou swor'st so much, that if each god should be 55
 Just to revenge his injur'd self on me,
 Such num'rous mischiefs on thy head would fall,
 Thou'dst not have room enough to bear them all.
 Distracted I, as if I'd fear your stay,
 Repair'd your ships to hurry you away. 60

What haste you wanted my curs'd care supply'd,
Oars to your sails and current to your tide.
Thus was I falsely by myself betray'd,
And perish by the wounds my hands have made.
I foolishly believ'd those oaths you swore, 65
The race you boasted, and the gods you bore.
Who could have thought such gentle words e'er
hung
Upon a treacherous deluding tongue?
I saw your tears and I believ'd them all;
Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall? 70
What needed all that num'rous perjury?
One was enough to her that lov'd like me.
I'm not asham'd I did your ships receive,
And your own wants did carefully relieve;
Those debts I ow'd you on a nobler score; 75
But then, 'tis true, I should have done no more.
All I repent is, that I basely strove
T' increase your welcome by a nuptial love.
That night that usher'd in th' unhappy day,
Which did me to your guilty love betray; 80
I wish'd that fatal night had been my last;
'Then I had dy'd but then I had been chaste.
I hop'd you were, 'cause I deserv'd you, true!
Is it a crime to wish what is our due?
'Tis sure no mighty glory to deceive 85
A tender maid, so willing to believe.

My weakness does but heighten your offence,
 You kindly should have spar'd my innocence.
 You've gain'd a maid that lov'd you, and may't be
 Your greatest prize, and only victory. 90
 May your proud statue, rais'd by this success,
 Shame your great father 'cause his crimes were less;
 And when late stories shall of tyrants tell,
 And who by Sciron, and Procrustes fell;
 The Centaurs flight, the Thebans overthrow, 95
 Who 'twas durst force the dismal shades below;
 Then for your honour shall at last be said,
 Here's he, who by a wretched wile betray'd
 A loving, innocent, believing maid. }
 Of all those acts, we in your father knew, 100
 His treach'ry alone remains in you.
 What only can excuse the ills you do,
 You both inherit and admire it too. -
 He Ariadne did betray, but she
 Enjoys a husband mightier far than he; 105
 But the scorn'd Thracians my embraces shun,
 'Cause I from them into thy arms did run.
 Let her, they cry, to learned Greece be gone,
 We'll find a monarch to supply the throne.
 Thus all we do, depends on an ill fate, 110
 Which does for ever on th' unhappy wait;
 But may that fate all his best thoughts attend,
 Who judges others actions by the end.

For should'st thou ever bless these seas again,
They'd praise that love of which they now com-
plain. 115

Then would they say, what could she better do,

Both for herself and for her kingdom too?

But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,

Forget'st my empire, and forget'st my bed.

Methinks I see thee still, Demophoon, 120

Thy sails all hoisted ready to be gone.

When boldly thou didst my soft limbs embrace,

And with long kisses dwelt'st upon my face;

Drown'd in my tears, and in your own you lay,

And curs'd the winds that hasten'd you away, 125

Then parting cry'd, (methinks I hear thee still)

Phillis, I'll come, you may be sure I will.

Can I expect that thou'lt e'er see this shore,

Who left'st it that thou ne'er might'st see me more?

And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may 130

Be only guilty in too long a stay.

What do I ask? thou, by new charms possess'd,

Forget'st my kindness on another breast;

And, better to compleat the treachery,

Swear'st all those oaths which thou hast broke to
me. 135

And hast (false man) perhaps forgot my name,

And ask'st too, who I am and whence I came?

But that thou better may'st remember me,

Know, thou ungrateful man, that I am she,

Who when thou'dst wander'd all the ocean o'er, 140
 Harbour'd thy ships and welcom'd thee to shore ;
 Thy coffers still replenish'd from my own,
 And to that height a prodigal was grown,
 I gave thee all thou ask'dst and gave so fast,
 I gave my self into thy pow'r at last ; 145
 I gave my sceptre and my crown to thee.
 A weight too heavy to be borne by me.
 Where Hæmus does his shady head display,
 And gentle Heber cuts his sacred way,
 So great's the empire, and so wide the land, 150
 Scarcc to be govern'd by a woman's hand.
 She, whom fate would not suffer to be chaste,
 Whose nuptials with a fun'ral pomp was grac'd ;
 Shrill cries disturb'd us 'midst our swiftest joys,
 And our drawn curtains trembled with the noise ;
 Then close to thee I clung all drown'd in fears,
 And sought my shelter where I'd found my tears,
 And now while others drown their care in sleep, }
 I run to th' barren shore and rocks, to weep }
 And view with longing eyes the spacious dcep. 160
 All day and night I the wind's course survey,
 Impatient till I find it blows this way :
 And when afar, a coming sail I view,
 I thank my stars, and I conclude 'tis you ;
 Then with strange haste I run my love to meet; 165
 Nor can the flowing waters stop my feet.

When near, I grow more fearful than before,
A sudden trembling seizes me all o'er,
And leaves my body breathless on the shore. }
Hard by, where two huge mountains guard the way,
There lies a fearful, solitary bay ;
Oft I've resolv'd, while on this place I've stood,
To throw myself into the raging flood ;
Wild with despair, and I will do it still,
Since you continue thus to use me ill. 175
And when the kinder waves shall waft me o'er,
May'st thou behold my body on the shore
Unburied lie ; and though thy cruelty
Harder than stone, or than thyself should be,
Yet shalt thou cry, astonish'd with the show, 180
Phillis, I was not to be follow'd so.
Raging with poisons would I oft expire,
And quench my own by a much happier fire.
Then, to revenge the loss of all my rest,
Would stab thy image in my tortur'd breast. 185
Or by a knot (more welcome far to me
Than that, false man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
Strangle that neck, where those false arms of
thine,
With treach'rous kindness, us'd so oft to twine ;
And as becomes a poor unhappy wife, 190
Repair my ruin'd honour with my life.
When we can once with our hard fate comply,
'Tis easy then to chuse the way to die.

Then on the tomb shall the proud cause be read,
And thy sad crime still live when I am dead : 195
' Poor Phillis dy'd, by him she lov'd oppress'd ;
' The truest mistress, by the falsest guest.
' He was the cruel cause of all her woe,
' But her own hand perform'd the fatal blow.'

PHILLIS TO DEMOPHOON.

BY MR. ED. FLOYD.

Argument.

DEMOPHOON, the son of Theseus and Phædra, returning from the Trojan wars, was by adverse winds driven on the Thracian shore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by Phillis, daughter to Lycurgus and Crustumena, king and queen of Thrace: With whom, after he had a while remain'd, hearing of the death of Mnestheus (the deposer of his father) he went and took possession of his own realms of Athens, yet with earnest protestations of returning within the space of one month. But being detained past the appointed time by the distractions his people were under, he gave occasion to Phillis (impatient of delays) to write him this epistle.

PHILLIS (who entertain'd thy love and thee,
 Faithless Demophoon) blames thy perjury;
 How when with pain we parted didst thou mourn,
 And seem'dst to live alone for thy return!
 How didst thou limit my distress, and swear
 Within onc month thy speedy presence here!
 Yet now four moons are weary'd out, and see
 Thee still regardless of thy vows and me.
 Hadst thou a tender sense to know the pain
 Of absent lovers, who expect in vain,

Thou would'st not call me hasty, nor upbraid
 These humble murmurs of a wife betray'd.
 We're slow in our believing ill, for I
 Flatter'd myself that yet I should not die :
 Myself I've oft deluded,—thought thee kind— 15
 —Thy ship returning with a prosp'rous wind :
 Theseus I've curst, and yet unjustly him,
 For thou perhaps art author of thy crime.
 The dang'rous shoals of Hebrus made me mourn,
 As fancying thee expos'd in thy return. 20
 Oft for thy health I've sought the Gods by pray'r,
 And incense burnt to place thee in their care.
 Whene'er the wind stood fair, I fancy'd straight
 Thy sudden presence, or thy certain fate.
 Then have I study'd reasons for thy stay, 25
 And urg'd my wit to favour thy delay :
 Yet dost not thou the sense of vows retain,
 To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
 Thy strictest vows did mix with common air,
 Nor does thy tardy fleet the fault repair. 30
 Thy absence fully does my crime reprove,
 And seems design'd to pay so cheap a love.
 My only fault was loving easily ;
 And yet that fault claims gratitude in thee. 34
 Where's now thy faith—thy suppliant hands, and
 where
 The God prophan'd by thy fallacious pray'r ?

Where's Hymen now, that should our hearts unite,
Bless and secure our conjugal delight?

First, by the sea thou swor'st thy meaning just,
The sea that then thou wert about to trust : 40

Thou swor'st by thy pretended grandsire's name,
The God that does rebellious storms reclaim.

By Venus and by love's artillery,

The instruments of mighty woes to me :

By Juno, who of marriage vows takes care, 45

And Ceres, who the hallow'd torch does bear :

Should these wrong'd pow'rs be just, cou'dst thou
withstand

The angry stroke of an almighty hand ?

Thy ships I did repair, thy sails improve,

And strengthen'd the deserter of my love. 50

I gave thee oars as instruments of speed,

And sharpen'd all the darts by which I bleed.

Thy words—thy kindred gods—whate'er was feign'd

With joy I heard, with faith I entertain'd :

View'd with regard thy false commanded tears, 55

Thy artful sorrow, and thy seeming fears.

Thy arts of love to me thou might'st have spar'd,

For I was too unhappily prepar'd.

Nor should I grieve to have well treated thee,

And limited my hospitality ; 60

But to admit thee loosely to my breast,

Is treason, fatal to my present rest.

Ah! had I dy'd before that ev'ning came.
 I then had dy'd in peace, secure of fame.
 Yielding I hop'd thy gratitude might move, 65
 And shewing mine, deserve thy utmost love.
 But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
 (Ah pitiless) a frail believing maid :
 A maid that lov'd thee thou hast robb'd of fame,
 And may no greater honour reach thy name. 70
 In Athens when thy statue shall be plac'd
 Near thy great father, with his trophies grac'd ;
 When Sciron and Procastes shall be read,
 Scinis and Minotaure in triumph led :
 Thebes quite reduc'd, the Centaurs overcome, 75
 Hell storm'd, and the black king disturb'd at home ;
 Thy hated image thus inscrib'd shall end——
 ——' He who betray'd his mistress and his friend.'
 Of all thy mighty father has achiev'd,
 Thou lik'st that Ariadne was deceiv'd : 80
 What he repented, thou dost still admire,
 And only to his treachery art heir :
 (Unenvy'd) she enjoys a nobler mate,
 And drawn by harness'd tigers, rides in state.
 The Thracians, whom I scorn'd, now shun my bed,
 As one by strange polluted hands misled : 86
 Says one, Let learned Athens be her place,
 Some nobler hand shall govern warlike Thrace.
 The end proves all——and may he never hit
 His rash presage, who dares condemn thee yet. 90

For should'st thou now return, each will conclude
I study'd with my own my country's good ;
I've fail'd, alas ! Thou no review dost make
Or of my palace or the crystal lake.
My eyes retain thy graceful image, when 95
With mournful bows thou bad'st me hope again.
Thou didst embrace me, and with such delay,
That long breath'd kisses seem'd to mean thy stay ;
Thou didst exchange and mix our tears, and swear
The wind was inauspicious when 'twas fair ; 100
When our divorce thou could'st no more decline,
'Thou said'st, ' Expect me—Phillis, I am thine :'
Him I expect, who meant to come no more,
And ships no more design'd to touch this shore :
Yet still I hope—ah ! come, tho' past thy time, 105
That thy delay may be thy only crime.
Some wanton maid (perhaps) seduces thee,
And buys thy love with cheap discourse of me.
Thou canst not be unmindful who I am,
Consult thyself for my neglected name ; 110
Phillis, thy constant, hospitable friend,
Who did her harbour and assistance lend :
Love, empire, all submitted to thy will,
Who gave thee much, and wish'd to give thee still ;
Lycurgus' land surrendered to thy sway, 115
And to thy hand its sceptre did convey,
As far as Rhodope and Hæmus go,
And the soft streams of sacred Hebrus flow ;

Thee my last blushes blest, thy love's long toils
 Rewarded with my conquer'd virgin spoils. 120
 The howling fiends and om'nous birds of night,
 With dismal notes perform'd each nuptial rite :
 With her curl'd snakes the fierce Alecto came,
 To light our tapers with infernal flame.
 On rocks I walk—and o'er the barren sand, 125
 Far as my eyes can reach the spacious strand,
 Look out all hours to see what wind stands fair,
 By earth's cold damp untir'd, or heav'n's bleak air ;
 When any distant sail I chance to spy,
 I fancy thy loose streamers drawing nigh ; 130
 Lanch'd into sea, the tardy gales I chide,
 And to meet thee I stem th' impetuous tide ;
 When their approach declares my hopes are vain,
 I fainting crave th' assistance of my train.
 Above the bay, which the spent billows blocks, 135
 And forms a precipice of pendent rocks,
 Thence my despair presented me a grave,
 And nought but thy return my life shall save.
 May some kind wave to thy own shore convey,
 And at thy feet thy floating Phillis lay, 140
 Thy melting heart this dismal sound will groan,
 In these embraces join'd, we meet too soon——
 Oft have I thirsted for a pois'nous draught,
 As oft a death from some kind poignard sought ;
 Oft round that neck a silken twine I cast, 145
 Which once thy dear perfidious arms embrac'd.

By death I'll heal my present infamy,
But stay to choose the speediest way to die.
This sad short epitaph shall speak my doom,
And fix my mournful story on my tomb : 150
‘ This monument did false Demophoon build,
‘ With the cold ashes of his mistress fill'd ;
‘ He was the cause, and her's the hand that kill'd. }

HYPERMNESTRA TO LINUS.

BY MR. WRIGHT.

Argument.

Danaus, king of Argos, had by several wives fifty daughters, his brother Egyptus as many sons. Danaus, refusing to marry his daughters to his brother's sons, was at last compelled by an army. In revenge he commands his daughters each to murder her husband on the wedding night: All obeyed but Hypermnestra, who assisted her husband Linus to escape; and being afterwards imprison'd and put in irons, she writes this epistle.

To that dear brother who alone survives,
 Of fifty, late, whose love betray'd their lives,
 Writes she that suffers in her lord's defence:
 Unhappy wife, whose crime's her innocence!
 For saving him I love, I'm guilty call'd: 5
 Had I been truly so, I'd been extoll'd.
 Let me be guilty still, since this they say
 Is guilt, I glory thus to disobey.
 Torments nor death shall draw me to repent:
 Though against me they use that instrument 10

From which I sav'd a husband's dearer life,
 And with one sword kill Linus and his wife;
 Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,
 Or blush t' have lov'd : That let my sisters do : }
 Such shame and such repentance is their due. 15 }
 I'm seiz'd with terror, while I but relate,
 And shun remembrance of a crime I hate !
 The frightful memory of that dire night
 Enervates so my hand I scarce can write.
 Howe'er I'll try. With ceremony gay, 20
 About the set of night, and rise of day,
 The wicked sisters were in triumph led,
 And I among 'em, to the nuptial bed.
 The marriage light, as fun'ral lamps appear,
 And threat'ning omens meet us ev'ry where. 25
 Hymen they call : Hymen neglects their cries :
 Nay Juno too from her own Argos flies.
 Now come the bridegrooms, high with wine, to find
 Something with us, more lov'd than wine, behind.
 Full of impatient love, careless and brave, 30
 They seiz'd the bed, not seeing there a grave.
 What follow'd shame forbids me to express ;
 But who so ignorant as not to guess ?
 Now their tir'd senses they to sleep commit,
 A sleep as still as death ; ah, too like it ! 35
 'Twas then, methought, I heard their groans that
 dy'd.
 Alas ! 'twas more than thought ! I, terrify'd,

Lay trembling, cold, and without pow'r to move,
In that dear bed, which you had made me love.

While you in the soft bonds of sleep lay fast, 40
Charm'd with the joys of love then newly past:
Fearing to disobey, I rise at last.

Witness, sweet heav'ns, how tender was the strife,
Betwixt the name of daughter and of wife. 44
Thrice o'er your breast, which did so lately join
In such an ecstasy of love to mine,

I rais'd the pointed steel to pierce that part;
But ah! th' attempt struck nearer to my heart.

My soul divided thus, these words, among
A thousand sighs, fell softly from my tongue. 50

' Dost thou not heed a father's awful will?

' Dost thou not fear his pow'r? on then and kill.

' How can I kill, when I consider who?

' Can I think death? against a lover too? 54

' What has my sex with blood and arms to do?

' Fy! thou art now by love to shame betray'd;

' Thy sister brides by this have all obey'd;

' With shame their courage and their duty see:

' If not a daughter yet a sister be.

' No, I will never strike: If one must die, 60

' Linus shall live, and my death his supply.

' What has he done, or I, what greater ill?

' For him to die, and I much worse to kill?

' Were he as guilty as my father would 64

' Present him, why must I be stain'd with blood?

'Poniards and swords ill with my sex agree :
 'Soft looks, and sighs of love, our weapons be.'
 As I lamented thus, the tears apace
 Dropp'd from my pitying eyes, on thy lov'd face. 69
 While you, with kind and am'rous dreams possess'd,
 Threw carelessly your dear arm o'er my breast,
 There thinking to repeat joys lately known,
 Your hand upon my sword was almost thrown.
 'I was time to call; no longer I forbore,
 Dreading the day's approach, my father's inore. 75
 Wake, Linus, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
 Or sleep for ever here! Th' alarm you take,
 Start up; ask twenty questions in one breath :
 'To all I answer thus——delay is death;
 Fly while 'tis dark and 'scape eternal night. 80
 While it was dark you made a happy flight :
 I stay'd to meet the terrors of the light.
 With day my father comes the dead to view ;
 And finds the dismal sum one short by you.
 Enrag'd to see his treachery betray'd. 85
 By his command, I'm thus in fetters laid.
 Is this reward due to my love from fate ?
 Ah, wretched flame! passion unfortunate ?
 Since lo suffer'd under Juno's rage,
 Nothing that rival'd goddess can assuage, 90
 Th' unhappy mistress of the mighty Jove,
 Chang'd to a cow, a form unapt for love,

Views in her father's streams her head's array,
 Sees her own horns, and frightened starts away. 94
 When she'd complain, she lows; and equal fears
 From her new self surprise her eyes and ears.
 In vain to lose the frightful shape she tries,
 For Io follows still, where Io flies.

In vain she wanders over lands and seas :
 Can she find cure whose self is the disease? 100
 Sadly severe the change in her appear'd,
 Whose beauty Jove has lov'd and Juno fear'd :
 Grass and the springs, her food and drink supply :
 Her only lodging's the unshelt'ring sky.

What need I urge antiquity? my fate
 Is a fresh instance of the goddess' hate. 105
 A double stock of tears by me are spilt,
 Both for my brother's death and sister's guilt.
 Yet, as if that were small, these chains arrive,
 'Cause I, alone, am guiltless, you alive. 110

But my dear lord, if any thought you have,
 Or of the love or of the life I gave :
 If any memory with you does last,
 Or of the pleasures, or the dangers past.
 Now, Linus, now some help to her afford: 115
 Who wants the liberty she gave her lord.
 If life forsakes me ere I you can see,
 And death, before my Linus, set me free,
 Yet my unhappy earth from hence remove,
 And give those obsequies are due to love. 120

When I'm interr'd I know some tears will fall;
Then let this little epitaph be all :

‘ Here lies a love complete, tho’ hapless wife,

‘ Who catch’d the death aim’d at her husband’s
life.’

124

Here I must rest my hand, tho’ much remains,
’Tis quite disabled with the weight of chains.

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

Argument.

MINOS, king of Crete, by a sharp war compelled the Athenians, (who had treacherously slain his son Androgeos) to send yearly seven young men, and as many virgins, to be devoured by the Minotaure; a monster begotten by a bull upon his wife Pasiphæ, while he was engaged in that war. The chance at last fell upon Theseus to be sent among those youths; who, by the instruction of Ariadne, escaped out of the labyrinth, after he had killed the Minotaure. and fled with her, to the isle of Naxos. But being commanded by Bacchus, he forsook her, while she slept. When she awoke, and found herself deserted, she writes this letter.

THAN savage beasts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
 Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am spar'd!
 These lines from that unhappy shore I write,
 Where you forsook me in your faithless flight,
 And the most tender lover did betray, 5
 While lock'd in sleep, and in your arms she lay.
 When morning dew on all the fields did fall,
 And birds with early songs for day did call;
 Then I, half-sleeping, stretch'd me tow'rd's your place,
 And sought to press you with a new embrace : 10

Oft sought to press you close, but still in vain ;
 My folding arms came empty back again.
 Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,
 Then on my widow'd bed fell raging down : 14
 Beat the fond breast, where spite of me you dwell,
 And tore that hair which once you lik'd so well.
 By the moon's light I the wide shore did view,
 But all was desert, and no sight of you.
 Then ev'ry way with love's mad haste I fly,
 But ill my feet with my desires comply ; 20
 Weary they sink in the deep yielding sands,
 Refusing to obey such wild commands.
 To all the shore of Thesus I complain,
 The hills and rocks send back that name again :
 Oft they repeat aloud the mournful noise, 25
 And kindly aid a hoarse and dying voice.

Tho' faint, yet still impatient, next I try
 To climb a rough steep mountain which was
 nigh :

(My furious love unusual strength supply'd :)
 From thence, casting my eyes on ev'ry side, 30 }
 Far off the flying vessel I espy'd.
 In your swell'd sails the wanton winds did play,
 They court you, since they see you false as they.
 I saw, or fancy'd that I saw you there,
 And my chill veins froze up with cold despair : 35
 Thus did I languish till returning rage
 In new extremes did my fir'd soul engage.

Theseus, I cry, perfidious Theseus stay!
 (But you are deaf, deaf as the winds, or sea!)
 Stay your false flight and let your vessel bear 40
 Hence the whole number which she landed here!
 In loud and doleful shrieks I tell the rest;
 And with fresh fury wound my hated breast.
 Then all my shining ornaments I tear 44
 And with stretch'd arms wave them in open air,
 That you might see her whom you could not
 hear. }

But when out of my sight the vessel flew,
 And the horizon shut me from the view;
 From my sad eyes what floods of tears did fall!
 (Till then rage would not let me weep at all) 50
 Still let them weep, for loosing sight of you,
 'Tis the whole business which they ought to do.
 Like Bacchus' raving priest sometimes I go:
 With such wild haste, with hair dishevell'd so.
 Then on some craggy rock sit silent down, 55
 As cold, unmov'd, and senseless as the stone.
 To our once happy bed I often fly;
 (No more the place of mutual love and joy,)
 See where my much-lov'd Theseus once was laid,
 And kiss the print which his dear body made. 60
 Here we both lay, I cry, false bed, restore
 My Theseus, kind and faithful as before.
 I brought him here, here lost him while I slept,
 How well, false bed, you have my lover kept!

Alone and helpless in this desert place, 65
 The steps of man or beast I cannot trace ;
 On ev'ry side the foaming billows beat,
 But no kind ship does offer a retreat.
 And should the gods send me some lucky sail,
 Calm seas, good pilots, and a prosp'rous gale ; 70
 Yet then my native soil I durst not see,
 But a sad exile must for ever be.
 From all Crete's hundred cities I am curs'd,
 From that fam'd isle where infant Jove was nurs'd.
 Crete I betray'd for you, and what's more dear, 75
 Betray'd my father who that crown does wear.
 When to your hands the fatal clew I gave,
 Which thro' the winding lab'rinth led you safe :
 Then how you lov'd, how eagerly embac'd !
 How oft you swore by all your dangers past 80 }
 That with my life your love should ever last!
 Ah perjur'd Theseus, I thy love survive,
 If one forsaken and expos'd does live.
 Had you slain me, as you my brother slew
 You'd then absolv'd yourself from ev'ry vow ; 85
 Now bath my present grief denies me rest,
 And all, that a wild fancy can suggest }
 Of dreadful ills to come, distracts my breast. }
 Before my eyes a thousand deaths appear,
 I live, yet suffer all the deaths I fear. 90
 Sometimes I think that lions there do go,
 And scarce dare trust my sight that 'tis not so ;

Imagine that fierce wolves are howling there,
 And at th' imagin'd noise shrink up with fear:
 Then think what monsters from the sea may rise, 95
 Or fancy bloody swords before my eyes.
 But most I dread to be a captive made,
 And see these hands in servile works employ'd,
 Unworthy my extraction from a line
 On one side royal, and on both divine : 100
 And, (which my indignation more would move)
 Unworthy her whom Theseus once did love.

If tow'rd's the sea I look, or tow'rd's the land,
 Objects of horror still before me stand.
 Nor dare I look tow'rd's heav'n or hope to find 105
 Aid from those gods who chang'd my Theseus' mind.
 If beasts alone within this island stray,
 Behold me left to them a helpless prey !
 If men dwell here they must be savage too :
 This soil, this heav'n made gentle Theseus so. 110
 Would Athens never had my brother slain,
 Nor for his paid so many lives again.
 Would thy strong arm had never giv'n the wound,
 Which struck the doubtful monster to the ground ;
 Nor I had giv'n the guiding thread to thee, 115
 Which to my own destruction, set thee free.
 Let the unknowing world thy conquest, praise,
 It does not Ariadne's wonder raise,
 So hard a heart, unarm'd, might safely scorn 119
 The strength and sharpness of the monster's horn,

If flint or steel could be secure of wound,
 No room for fear could in that breast be found.
 Curst be the sleep which seal'd these eyes so fast !
 Curst that, begun, it did not ever last !
 For ever curst be that officious wind, 115
 Which fill'd thy sails, and in my ruin join'd !
 Curst hand, which me, and which my brother kill'd !
 (With what misfortunes our sad house 't has fill'd)
 And curs'd the tongue, which with soft words betray'd,
 And empty vows a poor believing maid ! 120
 Sleep and the winds against me had combin'd
 In vain, if perjur'd Theseus had not join'd.

Poor Ariadne, thou must perish here,
 Breathe cut thy soul in strange and hated air, }
 Nor see thy pitying mother shed one tear : 135
 Want a kind hand which thy fix'd eyes may close,
 And thy stiff limbs may decently compose.
 Thy carcass to the birds must be a prey,
 Thus Theseus all thy kindness does repay ! 139
 Mean while to Athens your swift ship does run ;
 There tell the wond'ring crowd what you have done :
 How the mix'd prodigy you did subdue ;
 The beast and man, how with one stroke you slew.
 Describe the lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
 You 'scap'd from all those perplex'd mazes free.
 Tell, in return, what gen'rous things you've done :
 Such gratitude will all your triumphs crown !

Sprung sure from rocks and not of human race!
 Thy cruelty does thy great line disgrace.
 Yet could'st thou see as barb'rous as thou art, 150
 These dismal looks, sure, they would touch thy
 heart.

You cannot see, yet think you saw me now, }
 Fix'd to some rock, as if I there did grow, }
 And trembling at the waves which roll below. }
 Look on my torn and my disorder'd hairs, 155
 Look on my robe wet thro' with show'rs of tears.
 With the cold blasts see my whole body shakes,
 And my numb'd hand unequal letters makes.
 I do not urge my hated merit now,
 But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe. 160
 I neither sav'd your life nor set you free :
 Yet therefore must you force this death on me ?
 Ah! see this wounded breast worn out with sighs,
 And these faint arms stretch'd to the seas and skies;
 See these few hairs yet spar'd by grief and rage, 165
 Some pity let these flowing tears engage.
 Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
 Yet lay my ashes in their peaceful urn.

HERMIONE TO ORESTES.

BY JOHN PULTNEY, ESQ;

Argument.

Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tindarus her grandfather (to whom Menelaus had committed the care of his house when he went to Troy) contracted to Orestes. Her father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betrothed her to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, who returning from the Trojan wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to Orestes as follows.

THIS, dear Orestes, this, with health to you,
From her that was your wife and cousin too;
Your cousin still, but oh! that dearer name
Of wife another now does falsely claim.
What woman can, I have already done,
Yet I'm confin'd by rough Achilles' son.
With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
I strove to shun him, yet all would not do.
Stand off said I, foul ravisher, take heed,
My injur'd husband will revenge this deed;

5

16

Yet he more deaf than angry tempests are,
 To his loath'd chamber dragg'd me by the hair.
 Had Troy still stood, had ev'ry Grecian dame
 Become a prey to th' haughty victor's flame,
 What could I more have suffer'd than I do? 15
 Far more than poor Andromache e'er knew.
 But oh, my dear! if, as I have for thee,
 Thou hast a tender care, or thought for me,
 Come bravely on, and as robb'd tigers bold,
 Snatch me half murder'd from the monster's hold.
 Can you pursue each petty robber's life? 21
 And yet thus tamely lose a ravish'd wife?
 Think how my father Menelaus rag'd
 For his lost queen, think what a war he wag'd, }
 When pow'rful Greece was in his cause engag'd. }
 Had he sate quietly, and nothing try'd, 26
 As once she was, she'd still been Paris' bride.
 Prepare no fleet, you will no forces need,
 By you, and only you, I would be freed.
 Not but wrong'd marriage is a cause alone 30
 Sufficient for th' enraging world to own.
 Sprung from the royal Pelopean line,
 You are no less by blood than marriage mine,
 These double ties a double love persuade,
 And each sufficient to deserve your aid. 35
 I to your arms was by my guardian given,
 The only bliss I would have begg'd from heaven.

But that unknown, (O my unhappy fate)
 My father gave me to the man I hate.
 Just were those infant vows to you I made,
 But this last act has all those vows betray'd. 40
 Too well he knows what 'tis to be in love;
 How can he then my passion disapprove?
 Since love himself has felt, he will, nay must,
 Allow this passion in his daughter just. 45
 My fate resembles my wrong'd father's case,
 And Pyrrhus is that thief that Paris was.
 Let the proud gaoler the brave deeds run o'er,
 Count all the laurels his great parent wore,
 What e'er his could, your's greater did, and more. }
 Let him claim kindred with some god above, 51
 You are descended from the mighty Jove.
 Brave as you are, I wish 'twere understood
 By something else, than by Ægisthus' blood :
 Yet you are innocent fate drew the sword, 55
 And a religious duty gave the word.
 With this the tyrant does my lord disgrace,
 And what's still worse, dares do it to my face :
 Whilst burst with envy, I am forc'd to be
 Rackt and tormented with his blasphemy. 60
 Shall my Orestes be abus'd, and I
 As one that's unconcern'd sit careless by ?
 No, tho' disabled, and of arms bereft,
 Yet as a woman I have one way left,

Tears I can shed, such as will yield relief 65
 To my sick mind, chok'd with excess of grief;
 For when the big charg'd storm hath lost its pow'r,
 It sighs itself into a silent show'r;
 These I can do whilst by each other prest,
 These dewy pearls run trickling o'er my breast.
 But how should I this fatal woe escape? 71
 All our whole race was subject to the rape;
 I need not tell, how, in soft feathers drest,
 The wanton god his softer nymph possesst;
 How thro' the deep in unknown ships convey'd 75
 Hippodame was from her friends betray'd;
 How the fair Tindaris, by force detain'd,
 By th' Amyclean breth'ren was regain'd;
 How afterwards by all the Grecian power
 She was brought back from the Idæan shore: 80
 I scarce remember that sad day, and yet,
 Young as I was I do remember it.
 Her brothers wept, her sisters to remove
 Her fears, call'd on the gods and her own Jove,
 "Mother," said I, in a weak mournful tone, 85
 "Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?
 "When you are gone, why should I stay behind?"
 All this I spoke, but spoke it to the wind.
 Now, like the rest of my curst pedigree,
 By this loath'd wretch I am detain'd from thee. 90
 The brave Achilles would have blam'd his son,
 Nor, had he liv'd, would this have e'er been done.

He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide
 Those two whom marriage had so firmly ty'd.
 What is't, ye gods, that thus provokes your hate, 95
 Or what eurst star rules my unhappy fate?
 Why am I plagu'd by your injurious pow'r,
 Robb'd of my parents in a tender hour?
 He to the war she with her lover fled,
 Tho' living both yet both to me were dead. 100
 No babbling words half fram'd upon my tongue,
 Lull'd me to soft repose when I was young.
 Your tender neck was ne'er embrac'd by me,
 Nor sat I ever smiling on your knee;
 You never tended me, nor was I led 105
 By thee (dear mother) to my marriage bed.
 At your return, I saw, but knew you not;
 So sure my mother's face I had forgot.
 I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no feature there,
 Yet thought 'twas you 'cause so divinely fair.
 Such was our ignorance, ev'n you at's!
 Ask'd your own daughter where your daughter was.
 Thou my Orestes wert my sole delight,
 Yet thee too I must lose, unless you fight.
 Pyrrhus withholds me from thy arms, that's all 115
 Hermione has gain'd by Ilium's fall.

Soon as the early harbinger of day
 Gilds the glad orb with his resplendent ray;
 My grief's made gentler by th' approaching light,
 And some pains seem to vanish with the night;

And when a darkness o'er the earth is spread,
 And I return all pensive to my bed,
 Tears from my eyes as streams from fountains flow,
 I shun this husband, as I'd shun a foe.
 Oft grown unmindful through distractive cares, 125
 I've stretch'd my arms and touch'd him unawares ;
 Straight then I check the wand'ring sense, and
 To the bed's utmost limits, yet I lie [fly }
 Restless ev'n there, and think I'm still too nigh. }
 Oft I for Pyrrhus have Orestes said, 130
 But blest the error which my tongue had made.
 Now by that royal god whose frown can make
 The vassal globe of his creation shake,
 Th' almighty sire of our unhappy race,
 And by the sacred urn that docs embrace 135
 Thy father's dust, whose once proud blood may boast,
 Thou in repose hast laid his sleeping ghost ;
 I'll either live my dear Orestes' wife,
 Or to untimely fate resign my life.

LEANDER TO HERO.

BY MR. TATE.

Argument.

Leander, accustomed nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero, (priestess to Venus's temple) being at last hindered by storms from his wonted course, sends her the following epistle.

RECEIVE this letter from Leander, fraught
 With service which he rather would have brought.
 Read with a smile,—and yet, if thou would'st crown
 My wiser wishes, read them with a frown:
 That anger from thy kindness will proceed, 5
 'Cause of Leander thou canst only read.
 The seas rage high and scarce could we prevail
 With the most daring mariner to sail.
 Embark'd at last, and sculking in the hold,
 My stealth is to my jealous parents told, 10 }
 As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold. }
 I write, since writing was my sole relief,
 And o'er the dewy sheets thus breath'd my grief.

Blest letter, go, my tend'rest thoughts convey,
To her warm lip thy signets she will lay, 15
And with a kiss dissolve thy seals away. }

Sev'n tedious nights guiltless of sleep I've stood;
Sigh'd with the winds and murmur'd with the flood:
Then climbing th' utmost cliffs her coast to view,
My tears, like glasses, th' object nearer drew: 20
By th' adverse winds and waves detain'd on shore,
My thoughts run all our former pleasures o'er,
And in soft scenes of fancy re-enjoy
The bliss that did our infant loves employ.

'Twas night (a curse on the impert'nent light 25
That pry'd and marr'd the pleasures of that night)
When first I swam the ford; while Cynthia's beams
Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the streams.
My drooping arms, in hopes they shall at length
Embrace thy neck, feel fresh supplies of strength;
The wond'ring waves to their new fury yield, 31
Not Tritons faster plough the liquid field.

Soon on the temple's spire your torch I spy'd,
Fix'd like a star my wat'ry course to guide;
Which, planet-like, shoots vigour thro' my veins;
The warmth of my immortal love sustains, 36
In the cold flood life's perishing remains. }

But now the gentlest star that blest my way,
Your bright self on the turret I survey,
Then with redoubled strokes the waves divide,
And by my Hero am at last descry'd: 41

Scarce could your careful confident restrain,
 But you would plunge and meet me in the main;
 And made so far your kind endeavours good,
 That ancle deep on the ford's brink you stood, 45
 And seem'd the new-ris'n Venus of the flood. }
 The shore now gain'd, to your dear arms I flew,
 All dropping as I was with briny dew;
 Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome guest;
 Your warm lip to my bloodless cheek you prest, }
 Nor felt my locks distilling on your breast. 51 }
 Your hasty robes are o'er my shoulders thrown,
 To shroud my shiv'ring limbs you strip your own:
 Forgetting how your too officious care
 Left thee (my tend'rest part) expos'd to air; 55
 The night and we are conscious to the rest;
 Delights that ought not, cannot be exprest:
 We knew short space was to our pleasures set,
 And therefore lov'd not at the common rate;
 But th' utmost fury of our flames employ'd, 60
 The minutes flew less fast than we enjoy'd;
 With such dispatch that night's dear joys we wrought,
 To recollect would make an age of thought.
 At length the sick'ning stars began t' expire,
 And I with them am summon'd to retire. 65
 Confus'dly then we our love task dispatcht,
 Ten thousand kisses in a minute snatcht.
 Your woman chid that I so long delay'd,
 You prest me close, then ask'd me why I staid.

My stay you first reprov'd, and then my haste, 70
 Nor cry'd farewell, till you had clasp'd me fast.
 Day broke ere we our am'rous strife could end;
 Then sighing I to the cold beach descend.
 Trust me, the seas from your dear coasts seem steep,
 And all the way methinks I climb the deep. 75
 But when revisiting your shores, I seem
 Descending still, and rather fall than swim.
 I loath my native soil, and only prize
 That region where my love's dear treasure lies.
 Why is not Sestos to Abydos join'd? 80
 Since we united are in heart and mind.
 The same our hopes, our fears, and our desires,
 Love is our life, and one love both inspires.
 But ah! what mis'ries on that love attend,
 Whose joys on hum'rous seas and winds depend;
 I by their quarrel lose, forc'd to delay, 86
 My tender visit, till they end the fray.

When first I crost the gulph, the dolphins gaz'd,
 The sea-nymphs fled, the Tritons were amaz'd.
 But now no more I seem a prodigy, 90
 But pass for an inhabitant o' th' sea.
 And since my passage is by storms withstood,
 I'm nightly miss'd by th' brothers of the flood.
 Oft have I curst the tedious way, but oh!
 I wish in vain that tedious passage now. 95
 Yield me again kind floods, my tiresome way,
 'Twas never half so tiresome as my stay.

Must then my Halcyon love all winter sleep,
 And ne'er lanch forth into a troubled deep?
 Must I desist my homage to perform, 100
 And seulk at home for ev'ry peevish storm;
 If thus the summer gusts detain my course,
 How shall I thro' the winter surges force?
 Absence e'en then I shall not long sustain,
 But boldly plunge into the raging main; 105
 And if the swelling floods not soon assuage,
 I'll make my boasting good, and dare their rage.
 My vent'rous 'scape shall in your arms be blest,
 Or if I'm lost, my anxious love find rest.
 The waves at least will do my corpse the grace 110
 To waft it to my wonted landing place:
 Or of its own accord the am'rous clay
 Will thither float, nor lose so known a way;
 I guess your kindness will even then perform
 To the cold trunk, what you were wont when warm;
 Yourself dismantling, you will shroud me o'er,
 And grieve to find your bosom's warmth no more }
 Have power my vital spirits to restore.
 If this sad fancy discompose thy breast,
 'Think 'twas but fancy, and resume thy rest. 120
 Invoke the wat'ry pow'rs, (thy pray'rs are charms)
 T' assuage the storm and yield me to thy arms.
 But when to your dear mansion I arrive,
 Loose ev'ry wind, and let the tempests drive,

Twill give my stay pretence, nor can you chide 125
Whilst thunder pleads so loudly on my side.
Till then permit this letter to supply
The author's place, and in thy bosom lie.
Lodg'd in thy breast, my passion 'twill impart,
And whisper its soft message to thy heart. 130

HERO'S ANSWER.

BY THE SAME HAND.

WITH such delight I read your letter o'er,
 Your presence only could have giv'n me more.
 Excuse my passion, if it soar above
 Your thought ; no man can judge of woman's love.
 With business you, or pleasures, may sustain 5
 The pangs of absence, and divert the pain.
 The hills, the vales, the woods, and streams are stor'd
 With game, and profit with delight afford.
 Whilst gins for beasts, and snares for fowls you set,
 You smile and your own am'rous chains forget. 10
 Ten thousand helps besides effect your cure,
 Whilst woman's sole relief is to endure.
 Or with my confident I hold discourse,
 Debating what should interrupt your course :
 Or viewing from aloft the troubled tide, 15
 Mix in the fray and with the tempest chide :
 Or in the storm's least interval suspect
 Your stay, and almost charge you with neglect
 I seek your foot-steps on the sands in vain,
 The sands no more confess thee than the main. 20

I watch th' arriving barks, and never fail
T' inquire of you, and write by ev'ry sail.

Still as the setting sun restores the night,
(The night to me more welcome than the light)
I fix my flaming torch to guide my love, 25
Nor shines there any friendlier star above.
Then with my work or book the time I cheat,
And 'midst the task Leander's name repeat.
My wedded thoughts no other theme pursue,
I talk a hundred things—but all of you. 30
What think'st thou, nurse, does my Leander come?
Or waits he till his parents sleep at home?
For he is forc'd to steal his passage there,
As nightly we by stealth admit him here.
Think'st thou that now he strips him in the bay, 35
Or is already plung'd, and on his way?
Whilst she, poor soul, with tedious watching spent,
Makes half replies, and nodding gives assent.
Yet cannot I the smallest pause allow,
But cry, he is launch'd forth for certain now. 40
Then ev'ry moment thro' the window peep;
With greedy eyes examine all the deep;
And whisper to the floods a tender pray'r
In your behalf, as if I spy'd you there.
Or to beguile my griefs my ear incline, 45
And take each gentle breeze's voice for thine:
At last surpris'd with sleep, in dreams I gain
That bliss for which I wak'd so long in vain.

To shroud you then my shoulders I divest
 And clasp you shiv'ring to my warmer breast; 50
 A lover need not be inform'd the rest. }
 These pleasures oft my slumb'ring thoughts employ,
 But still they're dreams, and yield no solid joy.
 Tho' ne'er so lively the fruition be,
 To fill my bliss I must have very thee. 55
 At present, I confess, the seas are rough,
 But were last night compos'd and calm enough;
 Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
 Why disappoint me with a total stay?
 Is it your fear that makes my wishes vain? 60
 When rougher, you have oft engag'd the main; }
 If it be fear that friendly fear retain,
 Nor visit me till you securely may;
 Your danger would afflict me more than stay.
 Dread ev'ry gust that blows, but oh! my mind 65
 Misgives, lest you prove various as that wind.
 If e'er you change, your error secret keep,
 And in blest ignorance permit me sleep.
 Not that I am inform'd y' are chang'd at all,
 But absent lovers fear whate'er may fall. 70
 Detain'd by th' floods your stay I will not blame;
 But less I dread the floods than some new flame.
 Be hush'd ye winds, ye raging billows sleep,
 And yield my love safe passage thro' the deep.
 Blest sign, the taper sparkles whilst I pray, 75
 A guest i'th' flame! Leander's on his way!

Our household altar yields propitious signs,
 From which my nurse your swift approach divines :
 The crickets too of your arrival warn,
 And say our number shall increase ere morn. 80
 Come gentle, youth, and with thy presence make
 The glad conjecture true ; the day will break,
 And mar our bliss ; prevent the hast'ning morn ;
 To me and love's forsaken joys return.
 My bed without thee will afford no rest, 85
 There is no pillow like Leander's breast.
 Dost thou suspect the time will be too short ?
 Or want'st thou strength th' adventure to support ?
 If this detain thee, oh ! no longer stay,
 I'll plunge and meet thee in the flood half way. 90
 Thus in the verdant waves our flames shall meet,
 And danger make the soft embrace more sweet.
 Our love's our own, which yet we take by stealth,
 Like midnight misers from their hidden wealth.
 'Twixt decency and love unhappy made, 95
 Whilst fame forbids what our desires persuade.
 How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away,
 To dare the flood when sailors keep the bay ?
 Yet be advis'd, thou conqu'ror of the tide,
 Nor in thy youthful strength so much confide. 100
 Think not thine arms can more than oars prevail ;
 Nor dare to swim when pilots fear to sail.
 With much regret I cautiously persuade,
 And almost wish my counsel disobey'd,

Yet when to the rough main my eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn :
Nor does my last night's vision less affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a sacred rite)
A sporting Dolphin, whilst the flood retir'd,
Lay hid i' th' ooze, and on the beach expir'd. 110
Whate'er the dream portend, as yet reside
In the safe port, nor trust th' inconstant tide.
The storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,
Then with redoubled speed redeem your stay.
Till then these sheets some pleasure may impart ;
They bring, what most you prize, your Hero's heart.

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS.

BY THO. FLATMAN, ESQ.

Argument.

PROTESILAUS, lying wind-bound at Aulis, in the Grecian fleet, designed for the Trojan war, his wife Laodamia sends the following epistle to him.

HEALTH to the gentle man of war, and may,
What Laodamia sends, the Gods convey.
The wind that still in Aulis holds my dear,
Why was it not so cross to keep him here?
Let the wind raise an hurricane at sea, J
Were he but safe and warm ashore with me.
Ten thousand kisses I had more to give him,
Ten thousand cautions, and soft words to leave him;
In haste he left me, summon'd by the wind,
(The wind to barbarous mariners only kind.) ED
The seaman's pleasure is the lover's pain,
(Protesilaus is from my bosom ta'en!)

As from my falt'ring tongue half speeches fell,
 (Scarce could I speak that wounding word, 'Fare-
 well!')

A merry gale (at sea they call it so) 15
 Fill'd ev'ry sail with joy, my breast with woe ;
 There went my dear Protesilaus——
 While I could see thee, full of eager pain,
 My greedy eyes epicuris'd on thine.
 When thee no more, but thy spread sails I view, 20
 I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had lost them too ;
 But when nor thee, nor them I could descry,
 And all was sea that came within my eye,
 They say, (for I have quite forgot) they say
 I straight grew pale, and fainted quite away ; 25
 Compassionate Iphiclus, and the good old man,
 My mother too, to my assistance ran ;
 In haste, cold water on my face they threw,
 And brought me to myself with much ado ;
 They meant it well, to me it seem'd not so, 30
 Much kinder had they been to let me go ;
 My anguish with my soul together came,
 And in my heart burst out the former flame :
 Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
 Undrest, forlorn, I care not how I go ; 35
 Inspir'd with wine thus Bacchus frolick rout,
 Stagger'd of old, and straggled all about.
 Put on, put on, the happy ladies say,
 Thy royal robes, fair Laodamia.

Alas! before Troy's walls my dear does lie, 40
 What pleasure can I take in Tyrian dye?
 Shall curls adorn my head, an helmet thine?
 I in bright tresses, thou in armour shine?
 Rather with studied negligence I'll be
 As ill, if not disguised worse than thee. 45

O Paris! rais'd by ruins! may'st thou prove
 As fatal in thy war, as in thy love!
 O that the Grecian dame had been less fair,
 Or thou less lovely hadst appear'd to her!
 O Menelaus! timely cease to strive; 50
 With how much blood wilt thou thy loss retrieve?
 From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
 And bring my dear laden with laurels home.
 But my heart fails me, when I think of war;
 The sad reflections cost me many a tear: 55
 I tremble when I hear the very name
 Of ev'ry place where thou shalt fight for fame.
 Besides th' adventurous ravisher well knew
 The safest arts his villany to pursue;
 In noble dress he did her heart surprise, 60
 With gold he dazzled her unguarded eyes,
 He back'd his rape with ships and armed men,
 Thus storm'd, thus took the beauteous fortress in.
 Against the power of love, and force of arms,
 There's no security in the brightest charms. 65

Hector I fear, much do I Hector fear,
 A man (they say) experienc'd in war.

My dear, if thou hast any love for me,
 Of that same Hector prithee mindful be ;
 Fly him, be sure, and ev'ry other foe, 70
 Lest each of them should prove an Hector too.
 Remember, when for fight thou shalt prepare,
 Thy Laodamia charg'd thee, have a care, }
 For what wounds thou receiv'st are giv'n to her. }
 If by thy valour Troy must ruin'd be, 75 }
 May not the ruin leave one scar on thee ; }
 Sharer in th' honour, from the danger free !
 Let Menelaus fight, and force his way
 Through the false rav'sher's troops to Helena.
 Great by his vict'ry, as his cause is good, 80
 May he swim to her in his en'mies blood.
 Thy case is different——may'st thou live to see
 (Dearest) no other combatant but me !

Ye gen'rous Trojans, turn your swords away }
 From his dear breast, find out a nobler prey : 85 }
 Why should you harmless Laodamia slay ?
 My poor good-natur'd man did never know
 What 'tis to fight, or how to face a foe ;
 Yet in love's field what wonders can he do !
 Great is his prowess, and his fortune too ; 90 }
 Let them go fight, that know not how to woo. }

Now I must own, I fear'd to let thee go ;
 My trembling lips had almost told thee so.
 When from thy father's house thou didst withdraw,
 Thy fatal stumble at the door I saw ; 95

I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the sign might be
 Of thy return a happy prophecy!
 I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
 Be not too brave,——remember, have a care,
 And all my dreads will vanish into air. 100

Among the Grecians some one must be found,
 That first shall set his foot on Trojan ground;
 Unhappy she that shall his loss bewail,
 Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.
 Of all the ships, be thine the very last, 105
 Thou the last man that lands; there needs no haste
 To meet a potent and a treach'rous foe;
 Thou'lt land, I fear, too soon, tho' ne'er so slow.
 At thy return ply ev'ry sail and oar,
 And nimbly leap on thy deserted shore. 110

All the day long, and all the lonely night,
 Black thoughts of thee my anxious soul affright:
 Darkness, to other women's pleasures kind,
 Augments, like hell, the torments of my mind;
 I court e'en dreams, on my forsaken bed, 115
 False joys must serve, since all my true are fled.
 What's that same airy phantom so like thee?
 What wailings do I hear, what paleness see?
 I wake, and hug myself, 'tis but a dream——
 The Grecian altars know I feed their flame. 120
 The want of hallow'd wine my tears supply,
 Which make the sacred fire burn bright and high.

When shall I clasp thee in these arms of mine,
These longing arms, and lie dissolv'd in thine?
When shall I have thee by thyself alone, 125
To learn the wond'rous actions thou hast done?
Which when in rapt'rous words thou hast begun,
With many and many a kiss, prithee tell on;
Such interruptions graceful pauses are,
A kiss in story's but a halt in war. 130

But when I think of Troy, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleasant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in port detain thee too,
In spite of wind and tide why wouldst thou go?
Thus to thy country thou wouldst hardly come, 135
In spite of wind and tide thou went'st from home.
To his own city Neptune stops the way,
Revere the omen, and the Gods obey.
Return, ye furious Grecians, homeward fly;
Your stay is not of chance, but destiny: 140
How can your arms expect desir'd success,
That thus contend for an adulteress?
But, let not me forespeak you, no,—set sail,
And heav'n befriend you with a prosp'rous gale!

Ye Trojans! with regret methinks I see 145
Your first encounter with your enemy;
I see fair Helen put on all her charms,
To buckle on her lusty bridegroom's arms;
She gives him arms, and kisses she receives,
(I hate the transports each to other gives.) 150

She leads him forth, and she commands him come
 Safely victorious, and triumphant home ;
 And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
 But diligently do whate'er she say.

Now he returns ! See with what am'rous speed }
 She takes the pond'rous helmet from his head, }
 And courts the weary champion to her bed.

' We women, too, too credulous, alas !

' Think what we fear will surely come to pass.'

Yet, while before the leaguer thou dost lie, 160

Thy picture is some pleasure to my eye,

That I caress in words most kind and free,

And lodge it on my breast, as I would thee ;

There must be something in it more than art,

'Twere very thee, could it thy mind impart ; 165

I kiss the pretty idol, and complain,

As if (like thee) 'twould answer me again.

By thy return, by thy dear self, I swear,

By our loves vows, which most religious are,

By thy beloved head, and those grey hairs 170

Which time may on it snow in future years,

I come, where e'er thy fate shall bid thee go,

Eternal partner of thy weal and woe,

So thou but live, though all the gods say no.

Farewell—but prithee very careful be

175

Of thy beloved self, I mean of me.

CENONE TO PARIS.

BY MR. JOHN COOPER.

Argument.

HECUBA, while pregnant with Paris, dream'd she was delivered of a firebrand: Priam, consulting the prophets, was answered, the child should be the cause of the destruction of Troy; wherefore Priam commanded it should be delivered to wild beasts as soon as born: but Hecuba convey'd it secretly to mount Ida, there to be fostered by the shepherds, where he falls in love with the nymph Cenone, but at length being known and owned, he sails into Greece and carries Helen to Troy; which Cenone hearing, writes him this epistle.

READ this, (if your new bride will suffer) read;
 And no upbraiding from Mycena dread.
 Only Cenone here does of her swain
 (If he will let her call him hers) complain.
 What god has robb'd me of your love and you? 5
 Or from what crime of mine proceeds my woe?
 Misfortunes, when deserv'd, we may endure,
 But when unjustly borne, can find no cure.
 Tho' now a prince, nor yet so great you was,
 When a fam'd nymph, I stoop'd to your embrace: 10

A slave you was (forgive what I have said)
 Slave as you was, I took you to my bed.
 Often, amidst your flocks, beneath some shade,
 On leaves and flow'rs we am'rously were laid.
 As oft, upon the straw, our joys we prov'd, 15
 In some low shed from winter storms remov'd.
 When you rose up to hunt, I shew'd you game,
 Surpris'd the infant savage and his dam:
 Companion of your sports, the toils did place,
 And cheer'd the swift-pac'd hounds upon the chace;
 Upon the trees your sickle carv'd my name, 21
 And ev'ry beach is conscious of your flame.
 Well I remember that tall poplar tree,
 (Its trunk is fill'd, and with records of me,)
 Which, may it live ! on the brook's margin set, 25
 Has on its knotty hark these verses writ :
 ' When Paris lives not to C  none true,
 ' Back Xanthus' streams shall to their fountain flow !
 Turn ! turn ye streams ! and Xanthus backwards go !
 The faithless Paris has forgot his vow. 30
 Calm was our love, blest with delightful ease,
 'Till a black storm o'ercast my former peace,
 When the three heavenly beauties blest thine eyes,
 Design'd thee umpire to bestow the prize.
 As from your mouth the fatal story came, 35
 A swift cold trembling shot thro' all my frame.
 To ancient sages my just doubts I bear,
 And all conclude some dreadful mischief near.

Now the tall pines into strong barks you shape,
 Which sweep the surface of the yielding deep. 40
 From your swollen eyes the tears at parting crept,
 Deny it not, nor be ashamed you wept :
 (Your love was then no inj'ry to your fame,
 You daily burn in a more shameful flame.)
 You wept, and on my eyes you gazing stood, 45
 Whose falling tears increas'd the briny flood.
 About my neck your wreathing arms you hung :
 Closer than vines to their lov'd elms you clung :
 When for your stay you did the tempests blame,
 How oft they laugh'd who knew the ocean calm ; 50
 'Midst thousand kisses, when you bid farewell,
 Scarce could your tongue the fatal message tell.
 You are embark'd : Against your galley's side
 I by plying oars beat up the foaming tide :
 'Till hurry'd from my sight, your ships I view, 55
 Then my salt tears the parched sands bedew.
 Soon, ye Sea-Gods, again soon may he come,
 (I fondly pray'd) but to my ruin soon
 The gods my wishes do successful make,
 But all alas ! for that curst strumpet's sake, 60
 My pray'rs into another's arms have brought you
 back.

A vast high rock there is, whose craggy sides
 Sustain the fury of encroaching tides ;
 Your sails hence spy'd, I hardly could delay,
 Plung'd in the deep, to meet you by the way ; 65

When one I saw, while a short pause I made,
 Upon the deck in glorious purple clad :
 Gods ! how I shook ! fear did my soul possess
 With horror to behold th' unusual dress.
 As nearer to the shore your vessel came, 70
 I spy'd, O blasting sight ! the charming dame ;
 Nay more,—her wanton head (into the sea
 Why leap'd I not) upon your bosom lay.
 'Twas then I beat my breast, and tore my hair,
 With all the symptoms of a deep despair. 75
 I fill'd the air with my distracted cries,
 And Ida's mount resounded with the noise.
 Thence with dire imprecations, I remov'd,
 Unto those conscious caves, where once we lov'd.
 Hear me, ye gods ! May the curst Helen be 80
 As wretched full as she has render'd me ;
 May she complain of false and broken vows,
 And pine, like me, for a regardless spouse.
 Now they do charm who from their husbands fly,
 And the wide ocean plough to follow thee ; 85
 When a poor shepherd, a small flock you fed,
 Then I, and only I, vouchsaf'd my bed.
 Nor think I sue to be in courts ador'd,
 And own'd the daughter of all Asia's lord ;
 Tho' your great parents need not be asham'd, 90
 When 'mongst their many children I am nam'd,
 A sceptre would not ill become this hand,
 So much I wish and merit to command.

Despise me not, because with you I lay,
 And past on new fall'n leaves the well spent day;
 For thy *Ænone*'s worthy of a bed, 96
 Not with green leaves but gaudy purple spread.
 Safe you may sleep and harmless in my arms,
 Your joys uninterrupted with alarms:
 But with my rival thus you must not live, 100
 For Greece in arms demands the fugitive;
 Ruin is all the dow'ry she can give. [fraught: }
 Ask your grave friends, with piercing wisdom
 Whom many years have much experience taught;
 Ask sage *Antenor*, and your aged sire, 105
 If she's to be restor'd whom they require.
 Base man! your country for her sake destroy'd,
 Shame's on your part and justice on their side.
 Or can you think that she will constant prove,
 Who was so easily entic'd to love? 110
 When once debauch'd, our sex for ever burn
 In lawless fire; virtue knows no return;
 Dishonour never gives a second blow;
 And once a whore she will be ever so.
 But her firm love that scruple has remov'd; 115
 Vain man! even thus *Atrides* once she lov'd.
 Alone he lies, poor cred'lous cuckold, now!
 And does deplore what you ere while must do. }
 Fool that he was to think she could be true!
 Happy *Andromache*! who justly art 120
 Possessed of a firm and loyal heart!

A faith like hers thou hast beheld in me,
 And Hector's virtue should have shin'd in thee ;
 But thou art lighter than the sapless leaf,
 Of which the autumn blasts the trees bereave, 125
 Or than the stalks of the well ripen'd wheat,
 Made the winds sport by the sun's parching heat.
 Well I remember what your sister said,
 When the strange god possess'd the furious maid ;
 ' Ænone, cease to plough thy fruitless lands, 130
 ' And sow thy seed upon the barren sands.
 ' The Grecian heifer comes, who reaps thy joys,
 ' The bane of Troy, and Priam's ancient house.'
 She comes ! forbid it, heav'n : And in the deep,
 Now, now, ye gods sink down the guilty ship ; 135
 Now is the time to plunge it in the flood,
 It brings destruction, and is fraught with blood.
 She said, her people snatch'd her from my view,
 As thro' the woods full of the god she flew. 139
 Too true she spoke ! my joys that heifer prove, }
 Does in my groves and flow'ry meadows move, }
 And all the pleasant pastures of my love. }
 Fair tho' she be, your Helen is a whore,
 Whom each new face draws from her native shore.
 With Theseus thus the false inconstant fled ; 145
 But he untouch'd restor'd the spotless maid.
 Ah who can faith to the forg'd story yield ?
 His veins with youthful blood and vigour fill'd,

A lover too ! could he his joys forbear ?
And in possession of his heav'n despair ? 150
Miscal not thus her ready flight a rape,
Her wicked self contriv'd the wish'd escape.
But I, false as you are, have kept my vows,
Tho' your example would my crimes excuse.
Long time I liv'd a tenant of the groves, 155
The common object of the satyrs loves ;
Me, Faunus too, who o'er the mountains fled,
Pursu'd, with leafy chaplets on his head ;
And Phœbus, who, but with much force, obtain'd
That bliss for which the rest in vain complain'd. 160
I tore my hair, while my soft limbs he prest,
And that curst face for which I was disgrac'd.
No sordid recompence of wealth I sought ;
That creature's mean whose love is to be bought ;
But me the grateful God with knowledge stor'd, 165
And the same gifts for which himself's ador'd.
For no one plant the fertile earth does yield,
But in its virtues I am amply skill'd.
Wretch ! of what use does thy vain knowledge prove ?
No drug, alas ! can cure the wounds of love. 170
Not Phœbus' self, the author of our art,
Could in this case guard his immortal heart :
Nought or from earth or heav'n can cure my wound,
In thee alone must my relief be found :
My Paris can, and he must pity show 175
To her, who merits all he can bestow :

For I am yours, with you of old did pass,
In childish innocence, my infant days ;
And I beseech you, Gods, to fix my doom,
And give that blessing to the time to come. 180
So in his arms, to whom my youth I lent,
Shall the remains of my blest life be spent.

A PARAPHRASE
ON
THE FOREGOING EPISTLE
OF
CENONE TO PARIS.

BY MRS. A. BEHN.

To thee, dear Paris, lord of my desires,
Once tender partner of my softest fires ;
To thee I write, mine, whilst a shepherd's swain,
But now a prince, that title you disdain.
Oh fatal pomp, that could so soon divide 5
What love and all our vows so firmly ty'd!
What god our loves industrious to prevent,
Curst thee with pow'r, and ruin'd my content?
Greatness, which does at best but Ill agree
With love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me. 10
Whilst thou a prince, and I a shepherdess,
My raging passion can have no redress.

Wou'd Heav'n, when first I saw thee, thou hadst
 been

This great, this cruel celebrated thing,
 That without hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd, 15
 And mix'd my adoration with the crowd;
 Unwounded then I had escap'd those eyes,
 Those lovely authors of my miseries.
 Not that less charms their fatal pow'r had drest,
 But fear and awe my love had then suppress: 20
 My unambitious heart no flame had known,
 But what devotion pays to god alone.
 I might have wonder'd, and have wish'd that he,
 Whom heav'n should make me love, might look
 like thee.

More in a silly nymph had been a sin, 25
 This had the height of my presumption been.
 But thou a flock didst feed on Ida's plain,
 And hadst no title, but "The lovely swain."
 A title! which more virgin hearts had won,
 Than that of being old king Priam's son. 30
 Whilst me a harmless neighb'ring cottager
 You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
 You saw, and at first sight you lov'd me too,
 Nor could I hide the wounds receiv'd from you.
 Me all the village herdsmen strove to gain, 35
 For me the shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
 Thou hadst my heart and they my cold disdain. }

Not all their off'rings, garlands, and first-born
Of their lov'd ewes, could bribe my native scorn.
My love, like hidden treasure long conceal'd, 40
Could only where 'twas destin'd be revcal'd.
And yet how long my maiden blushes strove
Not to betray the easy newborn love;
But at thy sight the kindling fire would rise,
And I, unskill'd, declare it at my eyes. 45
But oh the joy! the mighty ecstasy
Possest thy soul at this discovery!
Speechless and panting at my feet you lay,
And short breath'd sighs told what you could not say;
A thousand times my hand with kisses prest, 50
And look'd such darts as none could e'er resist.
Silent we gaz'd, and as my eyes met thine,
New joys fill'd theirs, new love and shame fill'd mine.
You saw the fears my kind disorder shows,
And broke your silence with a thousand vows! 55
Heav'n's how you swore by ev'ry pow'r divine!
You would be ever true! be ever mine!
Each god a sacred witness you invoke,
And wish'd their curse whene'er those vows you
broke.
Quick to my heart the perjur'd accents run, 60
Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone,
Vows are love's poison'd arrows, and the heart
So wounded, rarely finds a cure in art.

At least this heart which fate has destin'd yours, }
 This heart unpractis'd in love's mystic pow'rs; }
 For I am soft, and young as April flow'rs. 66 }

Now uncontrol'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
 Each happier minute and new joys of love !
 Soft were the hours ! and lavishly the day
 We gave entirely up to love and play; 70
 Oft to the cooling groves our flocks we led,
 And, seated on some shady flow'ry bed, }
 Watch'd the united wantons as they fed. }
 And all the day my list'ning soul I hung }
 Upon the charming music of thy tongue, 75 }
 And never thought the blessed hours too long. }
 No swain, no god like thee could ever move, }
 Or had so soft an heart in whisp'ring love : }
 No wonder that thou art ally'd to Jove. 79 }

And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,
 The God appear'd in ev'ry grace, and look ;
 Pride of the swains, and glory of the shades,
 The grief and joy of all the love-sick maids.
 Thus whilst all hearts you rul'd without controul,
 I reign the abs'lute monarch of your soul. 85
 Each beech my name yet bears, carv'd out by
 thee,

Paris and his C  none fill each tree :
 And as they grew the letters larger spread,
 Grow still a witness of my wrongs when dead !

Close by a silent silver brook there grows 90
 A poplar under whose dear gloomy boughs
 A thousand times we have exchange'd our vows !
 Oh may'st thou grow an endless date of years !
 Who on thy bark this fatal record bears,
 " When Paris to *C  none* proves untrue, 95
 " Back *Xanthus*' streams, shall to their fountain
 flow."

Turn ! turn your tide ! back to your fountain run !
 The perjur'd swain from all his faith is gone !
 Curst be that day, may fate point out the hour,
 As ominous in his black calendar, 100
 When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the wife of *Jove*,
 Descended to thee in the myrtle grove,
 In shining chariots, drawn by winged clouds,
 Naked they come, no veil their beauty shrouds ;
 But ev'ry charm and grace expos'd to view, 105
 Left heav'n to be survey'd and judg'd by you.
 To bribe thy voice, *Juno* would crowns bestow ;
Pallas more gratefully would dress thy brow
 With wreaths of wit ; *Venus* propos'd the choice
 Of all the fairest Greeks ; and had thy voice. 110
 Crowns, and more glorious wreaths thou didst
 despise,
 And promis'd beauty more than empire prize !
 This when you told, gods what a killing fear,
 Did over all my shiv'ring limbs appear,
 And I presag'd some ominous change was near !

The blushes left my cheeks, from ev'ry part, 116
 The blood ran swift to guard my fainting heart.
 You in my eyes the glimm'ring light perceiv'd }
 Of parting life, and on my pale lips breath'd }
 Such vows, as all my terrors undeceiv'd. 120 }

But soon the envying gods disturb our joys,
 Declare thee great and all my bliss destroys!

And now the fleet is anchor'd in the bay,
 That must to Troy the glorious youth convey. 124
 Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a godlike
 At their first homage beautify'd your face! [grace
 Yet this no wonder or amazement brought,
 You still a monarch were in soul and thought!
 Nor could I tell which most the sight augments,
 Your joys of pow'r or parting discontents. 130

You kiss the tears which down my cheeks did glide,
 And mingled yours with the soft falling tide,
 And 'twixt your sighs a thousand times you said,
 "Cease, my CEnone! cease my charming maid!

"If Paris lives his native Troy to see, 135
 "My lovely nymph thou shalt a princess be:"

But my prophetic fear no faith allows,
 My breaking heart resisted all thy vows.

"Ah must we part! I cry'd; those killing words
 "No further language to my grief affords." 140

Trembling I fell upon thy panting breast,
 Which was with equal love and grief oppress'd, }
 Whilst sighs and looks, all dying, spoke the rest. }

About thy neck my feeble arms I cast,
 Not vines nor ivy circle elms so fast. 145
 To stay, what dear excuses didst thou frame,
 And fancied tempests when the seas were calm!
 How oft the winds contrary feign'd to be,
 When they, alas, were only so to me!
 How oft new vows of lasting faith you swore, 150
 And 'twixt your kisses all the old run o'er.

But now the wisely grave, who love despise,
 (Themselves past hope) do busily advise,
 Whisper renown and glory in thy ear, 154
 Language which lovers fright, and swains ne'er hear.
 For Troy, they cry, these shepherds weeds lay down!
 Change crooks for sceptres! garlands for a crown!
 "Be sure that crown does far less easy sit
 "Than wreaths of flow'rs, less innocent and sweet.
 "Nor can thy beds of state so grateful be, 160
 "As those of moss and new fall'n leaves with me.

Now tow'rd's the beach we go, and all the way
 The groves, the fern, dark woods, and springs survey;
 That were so often conscious, to the rites,
 Of sacred love, in our dear stol'n delights. 165
 With eyes all languishing, each place you view,
 And sighing, cry'd, "Adieu, dear shades, adieu!"
 'Then 'twas thy soul e'en doubted which to do,
 Refuse a crown, or those dear shades forego!
 Glory and love the great dispute pursu'd! 170
 But the false idol soon the God subdu'd!

And now on board you go, and all the sails
 Are loosen'd to receive the flying gales;
 Whilst I half dead on the forsaken strand,
 Beheld thee sighing on the deck to stand, 175 }
 Wafting a thousand kisses from thy hand.
 And whilst I could the lessening vessel see,
 I gaz'd and sent a thousand sighs to thee;
 And all the-sea born Nereids implore,
 Quick to return to thee our rustic shore. 180

Now like a ghost I glide thro' ev'ry grove,
 Silent, and sad as death, about I rove, }
 And visit all our treasures of love ! }
 This shade th' account of thousand joys does hide,
 As many more this murm'ring river's side, 185
 Where the dear grass, as sacred, does retain
 The print, where thee and I so oft have lain.
 Upon this oak thy pipe and garlands plac'd,
 That sycamore is with thy sheep-hook grac'd.
 Here feed thy flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy
 scorn : 190

Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A rock there is from whence I could survey }
 From far the blucish shore and distant sea, }
 Whose hanging top with toil I climb each day. }
 With greedy view I run the prospect o'er, 195
 To see what wish'd-for ships approach our shore.
 One day all hopeless on its point I stood,
 And saw a vessel bounding o'er the flood:

And as it nearer drew, I could discern
 Rich purple sails, silk cords, and golden stern; 200
 Upon the deck a canopy was spread
 Of antick work in gold and silver made, [play'd. }
 Which, mix'd with sun-beams, dazzling light dis- }
 But oh! beneath this glorious scene of state
 (Curs'd be the sight) a fatal beauty satc. 205
 And fondly you were on her bosom lay'd,
 Whilst with your perjur'd lips her fingers play'd:
 Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that hair
 Of which, as sacred charms, I bracelets wear.

O hadst thou seen me then in that mad state, 210
 So ruin'd, so design'd for death and fate,
 Fix'd on a rock, whose horrid precipice
 In hollow murmurs wars with angry seas,
 Whilst the bleak winds aloft my garments bear,
 Ruining my careless and dishevel'd hair, 215 }
 I look'd like the sad statue of despair.
 With out-stretch'd voice I cry'd, and all around
 The rocks and hills my dire complaints resound.
 I rend my garments, tear my flatt'ring face,
 Whose false deluding charms, my ruin was. 220
 Mad as the seas in storms, I breathe despair,
 Or winds let loose in unresisting air,
 Raging and frantic thro' the woods I fly,
 And Paris! lovely, faithless Paris! cry.
 But when the echos sound thy name again, 225
 I change to new variety of pain:

For that dear name such tenderness inspires,
 As turns all passion to love's softer fires.
 With tears¹ I fall to kind complaints again ;
 So tempests are allay'd by show'rs of rain. 239
 Say lovely youth, why would'st thou thus betray
 My easy faith and lead my heart astray ?
 I might some humble shepherd's choice have been,
 Had I that tongue ne'er heard, those eyes ne'er seen ;
 And in some homely cot, in low repose, 235
 Liv'd undisturb'd with broken vows and oaths :
 All day by shaded springs my flocks have kept,
 And in some honest arms at night have slept.
 Then unupbraided with my wrongs thou'dst been,
 Safe in the joys of the fair Grecian queen. 240
 What stars do rule the great ? no sooner you
 Became a prince, but you were perjur'd too :
 Are crowns and falsehoods then consistent things ?
 And must they all be faithless who are kings ?
 The gods be prais'd that I was humbly born, 245
 Ev'n tho' it renders me my Paris' scorn.
 And I had rather this way wretched prove,
 Than be a queen, and faithless in my love.
 Not my fair rival would I wish to be,
 To come prophan'd by others joys to thee. 250
 A spotless maid into thy arms I brought,
 Untouch'd in fame, ev'n innocent in thought,
 Whilst she with love has treated many a guest,
 And brings thee but the leavings of a feast :

With Theseus from her country made escape, 255
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing flight a rape :
 So now from Aeneas' son, with thee is fled,
 And still the rape hides the adult'rous deed.
 And is it thus great Ladies keep intire
 That of the they so boast, and you admire? 260
 Is this a trick of courts? can ravishment
 Serve for a poor evasion of consent,
 Hard shift to save that honour priz'd so high,
 Whilst the mean fraud's the greater infamy?
 How much more happy are we rural maids, 265
 Who know no other palaces than shades!
 Who want no titles to enslave the crowd,
 Lest they should babble all our crimes aloud.
 No arts our good to show, our ill to hide,
 Nor know to cover faults of love with pride. 270
 I lov'd and all love's dictates did pursue,
 And never thought it could be sin with you.
 To gods, and men, I did my love proclaim :
 For one soft hour with thee my charming swain,
 Wou'd recompense an age to come of shame, 275
 Could it as well but satisfy my fame.
 But oh, those tender hours are fled and lost,
 And I no more of fame, or thee, can boast!
 'Twas thou wert honour, glory, ail to me :
 'Till swains had learn'd the vice of perjury, 280
 No yielding maids were charg'd with infamy. }

'Tis false and broken vows make love a sin,
 Hadst thou been true, we innocent had been;
 But thou less faith than autumn leaves dost show,
 Which ev'ry blast bears from their native bough.
 Less weight, less constancy, in thee is born 286
 Than in the slender mildew'd ears of corn.

Oft when you garlands wove to deck my hair,
 Where mystic pinks and daises mingled were, }
 You swore 'twas fitter diadems to bear : 290 }
 And when with eager kisses prest my hand,
 Have said, " How well a sceptre 'twould com-
 mand :"

And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry green,
 With charming, wishing eyes survey my mien, }
 And cry, " The gods design'd thee for a queen!" }
 Why then for Helen dost thou me forsake ? 296
 Can a poor empty name such diff'rence make ?
 Besides, if love can be a sin, thine's one
 Since Helen does to Menelaus belong,
 Be just, restore her back, she's none of thine, 300
 And charming Paris thou art only mine.
 'Tis no ambitious flame that makes me sue,
 To be again belov'd, and blest with you ;
 No vain desire of being ally'd t' a king !
 Love is the only dow'ry I can bring, 305 }
 And tender love is all I ask again. }
 Whilst on her dang'rous smiles fierce war must wait,
 With fire and vengeance at your palace gate,

Rouse your soft slumbers with their rough alarms,
And rudely snatch you from her faithless arms, 310
Turn then fair fugitive ere 'tis too late,
Ere thy mistaken love procures thy fate ;
Ere a wrong'd husband does thy death design,
And pierce that dear, that faithless heart of thine.

PARIS TO HELEN.

BY MR. RICHARD DUKE.

Argument.

PARIS, having sailed to Sparta to obtain Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of his adjudging the prize of beauty to her, was there nobly entertained by Menelaus, Helen's husband; but he being called away to Crete, to take possession of what was left him by his grandfather Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his wife. In his absence, Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epistle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
 Tho' you, and only you, can give it me.
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown,
 To tell a passion that itself has shown?
 Does not my love itself too open lay, 5
 And all I think in all I do betray?
 If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
 'Till time with our kind wishes shall comply,
 'Till all our joys may to us come sincere,
 Nor lose their price by the allay of fear. 10
 In vain I strive; who can that fire conceal,
 Which does itself by its own light reveal?

But if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,
I love; you've there the word that does impart 15
The truest message from my bleeding heart.
Forgive me, madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair physician, my disease:
And with such looks this suppliant paper grace,
As best becomes the beauties of that face. 20
May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find
An entertainment at your hands so kind,
For this creates a hope, that I too may, 25
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain.
Nor know, lest you through ignorance offend
The Gods, 'tis heav'n that me does hither send. 30
None of the meanest of the pow'rs divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my design.
Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my due or merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign, 35
Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.
She with a kind and an auspicious gale,
Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out ev'ry sail. 40

For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,
 Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
 Still may she keep it, and as she with ease
 Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,
 So may she give my stormy mind some rest, 45
 And calm the raging tempest of my breast,
 And bring home all my sighs and all my vows
 To their wish'd harbour, and desir'd repose.

Hither my flames I brought, not found 'em here ;
 I my whole course by their kind light did steer : 50
 For I by no mistake, or storm was tost
 Against my will upon this happy coast.
 Nor as a merchant did I plough the main,
 To venture life, like sordid fools, for gain.
 No ; may the Gods preserve my present store, 55
 And only give me you to make it more.
 Nor to admire the place came I so far ;
 I have towns richer than your cities are.
 'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due,
 You were my wish, before your charms I knew. 60
 Bright images of you my mind did draw,
 Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.
 Nor wonder that with the swift-winged dart,
 At such a distance you could wound my heart :
 So fate ordain'd, and lest you fight with fate, 65
 Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.

Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
 Her fatal burden longing for the day,

When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold; 70
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire:
But sure fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this among the swains expos'd, 75
My native greatness ev'ry thing disclos'd;
Beauty, and strength, and courage join'd in one,
Through all disguise spoke me a monarch's son.
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above, 80
The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's tow'rs, magnificence and pride,
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd:
When straight methought I heard the trembling
ground, 85
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wond'ring eyes did stand,
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand; 90
With him three charming Goddesses there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
'Till thus the God my sinking courage rais'd;

' Fear not ; thou art Jove's substitute below, 95
 ' The prize of heav'nly beauty to bestow ;
 ' Contending Goddesses appeal to you,
 ' Decide their strife ;' He spake, and up he flew.
 Then bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
 And ev'ry one with curious eyes survey. 100
 Each of 'em merited the victory,
 And I, their doubtful judge, was griev'd to see, }
 That one must have it, when deserv'd by three. }
 But yet that one there was which most prevail'd, 104
 And with more pow'rful charms my heart assail'd.
 Ah ! would you know who thus my breast could
 move ?

Who could it be but the fair queen of love ?
 With mighty bribes they all for conquest strive,
 Juno will empires, Pallas valour give ;
 Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer, 110
 Empire's soft ease, or glorious toils of war ;
 But Venus gently smil'd, and thus she spake,
 ' They're dang'rous gifts, O do not, do not take !
 ' I'll make thee love's immortal pleasures know,
 ' And joys that in full tides for ever flow. 115
 ' For, if you judge the conquest to be mine,
 ' Fair Leda's fairer daughter shall be thine.'
 She spake : And I gave her the conquest due,
 Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.

Mean while (my angry stars more gentle grown) .
 I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's son ; 121

All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new festival, my change of fate.
And as I languish now, and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me. 125
You in full pow'r over a heart do reign,
For which a thousand virgins sigh'd in vain :
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heav'nly race ;
I all their loves with cold disdain repress, 130
Since hopes of you first fir'd my longing breast.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of
you.

What pleasures then must you yourself impart,
Whose shadows only so surpris'd my heart ? 135
And oh ! how did I burn approaching night,
That was so scorch'd by so remote a fire !

For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From seeking their wish'd object thro' the main.
I fell the stately pine, and ev'ry tree 140
That best was fit to cut the yielding sea ;
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave ;
Suff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,
And ev'ry ship with well-knit ribs I arm. 145
To the tall masts I sails and streamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.

But on my ship does only Venus stand,
 With little Cupid smiling in her hand,
 Guide of the way she did herself command. 150 }
 My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
 I long to plough the vast Ægean sea ;
 My anxious parents my desires withstand,
 And both with pious tears my stay command :
 Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair, 155
 Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,
 Full of prophetick fury cries aloud,
 ' Oh whither steers my brother thro' the flood ?
 ' Little, ah ! little dost thou know, or heed,
 ' To what a raging fire these waters lead.' 160
 True were her fears, and in my breast I feel
 The scorching flames her fury did foretell.
 Yet out I sail, and favour'd by the wind,
 On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find :
 Your husband then, so heav'n, kind heav'n ordains,
 In his own house his rival entertains ; 166
 Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
 The curious traveller's enquiring sight :
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
 Could taste no pleasures in the idle show. 170
 But at thy sight, oh ! where was then my heart ! }
 Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,
 Sprung forth and met half-way the fatal dart. }
 Such, or less charming, was the queen of love,
 When with her rival Goddesses she strove. 175

But fairest, hadst thou come among the three,
 Even she the prize must have resign'd to thee.
 Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
 And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name;
 Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise, 180
 To claim with you an equal share of praise:
 Do I speak false? rather report does so,
 Detracting from you in a praise too low.
 More here I find than that could ever tell,
 So much your beauty does your fame excel. 185
 Well then might Theseus, he who all things knew,
 Think none was worthy of his theft but you:
 I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
 He ever could so dear a prize restore:
 Ah! would these hands have ever let you go? 190
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
 No; sooner I with life itself could part,
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding heart.
 But could I do as he, and give you back,
 Yet sure some taste of love I first would take, 195
 Would first in all your blooming excellence
 And virgin sweets feast my luxurious sense;
 Or if you would not let that treasure go,
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow, }
 And let me smell the flow'r as it did grow. 200 }
 Come then into my longing arms, and try
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal constancy,

Which never till my fun'ral pile shall waste ;
 My present fire shall mingle with my last.
 Sceptres and crowns for you I did disdain, 205
 With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
 And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare, }
 One soft embrace from you I did prefer }
 To courage, strength, and all the pomp of war. }
 Nor shall I ever think my choice was ill, 210
 My judgment's settled, and approves it still.
 Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true
 As they were plac'd above all things but you.
 I am, as well as you, of heav'niy race,
 Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace ; 215
 Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
 And then a race of godlike kings succeed.
 All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
 And half the spacious East his pow'r allow.
 There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold, 220
 And temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
 Troy you shall see, and divine walls admire,
 Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
 What need I the vast flood of people tell,
 That over its wide banks does almost swell ? 225
 You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
 And Trojan wives shining in ev'ry street.
 How often then will you yourself confess
 The emptiness and poverty of Greece !

How often will you say, one palace there 230
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I speak not this your Sparta to disgrace,
For wheresoe'er your life began, its race }
Must be to me the happiest, dearest place. }
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be dress'd,
In all the riches of the shining East, 236
Should understand how ill that sordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face.
That face, with costly dress and rich attire,
Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans see, 241
What, think ye, must that of their ladies be?
O! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line, 245
That to the Gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed,
The Goddess of the morning blushing led;
So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus self to his desir'd embrace, 250
With all her train of little loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm sure my father never made the sun 255
With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run;

No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
 Or with his crimes names the Myrtoan flood.
 None of our race does in the Stygian lake,
 Snatch at those apples he wants pow'r to take. 260
 But stay ; since you with such a husband join,
 Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.
 He (Gods !) a wretch unworthy of those charms,
 Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
 Does ev'ry minute to new joys improve, 265
 And riots in the luscious sweets of love,
 I but at table one short view can gain,
 And that too only to increase my pain :
 O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
 As often I at your spread table find. 270
 I loath my food, when my tormented eye
 Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.
 I burst with envy when I him behold
 Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.
 When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd, 275
 Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
 When you with him in strict embraces close,
 My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
 Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again to see
 That sigh with scornful smiles repaid by thee. 280
 Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire
 In vain ; for so I added fire to fire.
 Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
 You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.

What shall I do? your sports with grief I see, 285
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I strive my flames to hide,
But through the thin disguise they are descry'd;
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone! 290
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray?
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine?
To your dear face applying ev'ry line.
In borrow'd names I my own passion shew: 295
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more freedom in discourse to gain,
For my excuse I drunkenness would feign.
Once I remember your loose garments fell,
And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal, 300
Breasts, white as snow, or the false down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind swan made love:
Whilst with the sight surpris'd I gazing stand,
The cup I held, dropt from my careless hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiss, 305
Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd bliss.
Sometimes supinely laid, love-songs I sing,
And wasted kisses from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful rhetorick of love, 310
But they, alas! speak nothing but despair,
And in the midst leave my neglected pray'r.

Oh! that by some great prize you might be won,
 And your possession might the victor crown :
 As Pelops his Hippodamia won, 315
 Then had you seen what I for you had done.
 But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
 And myself prostrate at your feet to lay,
 O thou, thy house's glory, brighter far
 Than thy two shining brothers' friendly star ! 320
 O worthy of the bed of heav'n's great king,
 If aught so fair but from himself could spring ;
 Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
 Or here a wretched banish'd lover die ;
 With no slight wound my tender breast does smart,
 My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart ; 326
 I find my sister true did prophecy,
 I with a heav'nly dart should wounded die ;
 Despise not then a love by heav'n design'd,
 So may the Gods still to your vows be kind. 330
 Much I could say, but what, will best be known
 In your apartment when we are alone.
 You blush, and with a superstitious dread,
 Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed :
 Ah! Helen, can you then so simple be, 335
 To think such beauty can from faults be free ?
 Or change that face, or you must needs be kind ;
 Beauty and virtue seldom have been join'd.
 [love and bright Venus do our thefts approve ;
 Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove. 340

And if in you aught of your parents last,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste?
Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go;
(For she who sins with one alone, is so.)
But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin, 345
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade;
Silent himself, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead; and he, good man, because
He'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws. 350
Had he no other time to visit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a husband's wit!
He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My dear,
Instead of me, you of your guest take care.
But you forget your lord's command, I see, 355
Nor take you any care of love or me.
And think you such a thing as he does know
The treasure that he holds, in holding you?
No: did he understand but half your charms,
He durst not trust 'em in a stranger's arms. 360
If neither his nor my request can move,
We're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should so secure a time unactive be.
Alone these tedious winter nights you lie 365
In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night shall the mid-day out-shine:

Then will I swear by all the pow'rs above,
And in their awful presence seal my love. 370
Then if my wishes may aspire so high,
I with our flight shall win you to comply;
But if nice honour little scruples frame,
The force I'll use shall vindicate your fame.
Of Theseus and you brothers I can learn, 375
No precedents so nearly you concern;
You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole,
I'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll.
Well mann'd, well-arm'd, for you my fleet does
stay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay. 380
Thro' Troy's throng'd streets you shall in triumph go,
Ador'd as some new goddess here below.
Where-e'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court, 385
All Troy to you with presents shall resort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,
And angry Greece should all her force unite, 390
What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orythia stole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of foll'wing war.

Jason too stole away the Colchian maid, 395
Yet Colchos did not Thessaly invade.
He who stole you, stole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete pursue.
Fear in these cases than the danger's more,
And when the threat'ning tempest once is o'er, }
Our shame's then greater than our fear before. }
But say from Greece a threat'ned war pursue,
Know I have strength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horse more numerous than Greece,
Our empire is not in its compass less. 405
Nor does your husband Paris aught excel
In gen'rous courage, or in martial skill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my slain foes I gain'd
My stolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then o'ercome by me I could produce 410
Deiphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no such actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd skill attain. 415
But could he, Hector's your security,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid prowess find,
Of him that Heav'n has for your bed design'd.
Either no war from Greece shall follow thee, 420
Or if it does, shall be repell'd by me.

Nor think I fear to fight for such a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages shall your fame admire ;
If you alone set the whole world on fire. 425
To sea, to sea, while all the Gods are kind,
And all I promise, you in Troy shall find.

HELEN TO PARIS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MULGRAVE,
AND MR. DRYDEN.

Argument.

HELEN, having received the foregoing epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter shewing the extreme artifice of woman-kind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents, who silently denies :
 How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rites prophane ?
 Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find 5
 From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind ?
 (For tho' a distant country brought you forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your worth)
 Does this deserve to be rewarded so ?
 Did you come here a stranger or a foe ? 10
 Your partial judgments may perhaps complain,
 And think me barb'rous for my just disdain ;

Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
 Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
 Tho' in my face there's no affected frown, 15
 Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
 I keep my honour still without a stain,
 Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
 Your boldness I with admiration see ;
 What hope had you to gain a queen like me ? 20
 Because a hero forc'd me once away,
 Am I thought fit to be a second prey ?
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
 But sure my part was nothing but the shame,
 Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25
 I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
 Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
 But that was all he ever could obtain.
 You on such terms would ne'er have let me go ;
 Were he like you we had not parted so. 30
 Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
 And modest usage made me some amends.
 'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed ;
 Did he repent, that Paris might succeed ?
 Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs, 35
 Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
 I'll not complain, for whose displeas'd with love,
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?
 But that I fear ; not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face ; 40

But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe;
Yet others yield : And love o'ercomes the best;
But why should I not shine above the rest ?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be 45
A fit example ready form'd by me ;
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape :
If I should yield, what reason could I use ?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse ? 50
Her fault was in her pow'rful lover lost,
But what of Jupiter have I to boast ?
Tho' you to heroes, and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need,
And great alliances but useless prove, 55
To one that's come herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would shew I valued if I durst ;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first. 60
The crown of Troy is pow'rful I confess,
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant, call,
Gives expectation such an ample field, 65
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear the only cause ;

Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain. 70
 Not that so fair a present I despise ;
 We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
 But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
 I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too) 75
 A thousand things that love has made you do :
 Your cag'd eyes would almost dazzle mine, [shine.
 In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would
 Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
 And with unusual ardour press my hand ; 80
 Contrive just after me to take the glass,
 Nor would you let the least occasion pass,
 When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
 And blushing sat for things which you have done ;
 Then murmur'd to myself, he'll for my sake, 85
 Do any thing ; I hope 'twas no mistake.
 Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
 Under my name, those charming words, " I love."
 I frowning seem'd not to believe your flame,
 But now, alas, am come to write the same. 90
 If I were capable to do amiss,
 I could not but be sensible of this,
 For oh ; your face has such peculiar charms,
 That who can hold from flying to your arms !
 But what I ne'er can have without offence, 95
 May some blest maid possess with innocence.

Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind :
As you have eyes so others are not blind. 100
Like you they see, like you my charms adore,
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh ! had you then upon our coast been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice ;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice. 106
For both our hopes, alas ! you come too late ;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo. 110
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes 115
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize.
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns, but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a sight.
Yet granting this the other part is feign'd ; 121
A bride so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward :

I humbly am content with human praise ; 125
 A Goddess's applause would envy raise :
 But be it as you say, for 'tis confest,
 The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ;
 For miracles are not believ'd with ease. 130
 One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice ;
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice ;
 That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
 Juno and Pallas you condemn'd for me.
 Am I your empire then, and your renown ? 135
 What heart of rock, but must by this be won ?
 And yet bear witness, oh you pow'rs above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of love !
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men :
 This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen : 140
 Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made ;
 I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
 For now the rumour spreads among the croud, 145
 At court in whispers, but in town aloud :
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say :
 To leave off loving were your better way,
 Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. }
 Love secretly : the absence of my lord 150
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford :

Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could : 155
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence. 161
Absent he is, yet absent he commands ;
You know the proverb, princes have long hands.
My fame's my burden ; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd. 165
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest :
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life, 170
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear ;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near. 175
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone :
The nights are long, I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd :

Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conspires 180
 To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words, when you should force
 employ :
 A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our sex can suffer what we dare not give. 185
 What have I said ! for both of us 'twere best
 Our kindling fire if each of us supprest.
 The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
 And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions range.
 Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid, 190
 Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.
 How can I doubt that other men deceive,
 When you yourself did fair C  none leave ?
 But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
 You make a merit of that crime to me. 195
 Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
 Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
 Should you prevail ; while I assign the night,
 Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight :
 Some bawling mariner our love destroys, 200
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
 But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
 To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court,
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame ;
 And fill a foreign country with my shame : 205

In Asia what reception shall I find ?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind ?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say ?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect, 210
My future conduct justly may suspect :
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall bear,
While you forget what part in it you bear. 215
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid :
Deep under ground oh let me first be laid !
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command :
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise ; 220
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore ?
Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won :
I may, like her, believe, and be undone. 225
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand 230
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire :

Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
 That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid, ' 235
 For they who lost their cause, revenge will take;
 And for one friend two enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but should I follow you,
 The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue:
 A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
 And my relations would his cause espouse. 241
 You boast your strength and courage, but, alas!
 Your words receive small credit from your face.
 Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
 Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight. 245
 Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy,
 A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
 Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
 Were I as wise as many of my sex.
 But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire; 250
 And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
 You last demand a private conference,
 These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
 Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
 Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend. 255
 This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
 My woman knows the secret of my heart,
 And may hereafter better news impart.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page.
SAPHO to Phaon, by Sir Carr Scrope, Bt.	1
The same, by Mr. Pope,	6
Canace to Macareus, by Mr. Dryden,	16
Phyllis to Demophoon, by Edward Poley, Esq.	23
The same, by Mr. Edward Floyd,	32
Hypermnestra to Linus, by Mr. Wright,	39
Ariadne to Theseus, unknown,	48
Hermoine to Orestes, by John Pultney, Esq.	52
Leander to Hero, by Mr. Tate,	58
Hero's Answer, by the same Hand,	64
Laodamia to Protesilaus, by T. Flatman, Esq.	69
Oenone to Paris, by Mr. John Cooper,	76
The Paraphase on Oenone to Paris, by Mrs. A. Behn,	84
Paris to Helen, by Mr. Richard Duke,	97
Helen to Paris, by the Earl of Mulgrave, and Mr. Dryden,	114



June 1795.

MARTIN AND BAIN,

In pursuance of their Plan for printing THE
TRANSLATIONS of ANCIENT AUTHORS by
the BRITISH POETS,

HAVE NOW PUBLISHED,

POPE'S HOMER, 8 vols. price 12s.

GARTH'S OVID'S (*Metamorphoses*) 4 vols. price 6s.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, 4 vols. price 6s.

According to their original Proposals,

WILL BE PUBLISHED

OVID'S EPISTLES, AMOURS, &c.

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL,

WEST'S PINDAR ; And

ROWE'S LUCAN.

Which, besides being DISTINCTLY a pleasing and
valuable Collection, render more complete the first
uniform, most elegant and compact Edition of the
Works of THE BRITISH POETS printed for MR.
BELL ; the TRANSLATIONS corresponding to the
best Copies of that esteemed Edition.

At their Shop, No. 184, near St. Dunstan's Church,
FLEET-STREET, are an extensive Collection of
Books, and well-chosen Editions of the most ap-
proved POETIC and DRAMATIC AUTHORS :

Amongst which, are

BELL'S BRITISH POETS, 109 Volumes, the *com-
plete* Set as originally published.

———— SHAKSPEARE, *complete*.

———— BRITISH THEATRE, with the Continua-
tion, No. 91, to 100.

———— Fugitive Poetry.

———— British Album.

———— Pantheon.

MALONE'S SHAKSPEARE, 11 Volumes, *scarce*;

CAPEL'S SHAKSPEARE, curiously ornamented, and into which are introduced many of the best designs and capital engravings, price Ten Guineas.

TAYLOR'S SHORT HAND, esteemed to be *the best in use*.

OLIVIER ON FENCING.

N. B. Sets of the POETS, with or without the Translations; of SHAKSPEARE, with or without the Annotations; and of the BRITISH THEATRE, in variety of Bindings, and with or without library and travelling Cases, are always ready.

Just Published,

In One Volume 4to. price Two Guineas,

SAINBEL ON the VETERINARY ART;

Containing,

The Essay on Eclipse. Lectures on the Elements of Farriery; on Horse-shoeing, and on the Diseases of the Foot; with additional Plates.

Also his POSTHUMOUS WORKS,
consisting of Four Tracts,

The Life of the Author, with his Portrait; and including the ORIGIN of the VETERINARY COLLEGE of LONDON, to which Mr. SAINBEL was the first Professor.



EPISTLES VOL. 2.

When Nekuſ fell the fraudulent villain ſwore
A wondrous charm was in his flowing gore

Dejanira to Hercules V. 253



O V I D ' S
E P I S T L E S:

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to it's fires. POPE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1795.



O V I D ' S
E P I S T L E S :

TRANSLATED BY

POPE, || DRYDEN,
AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. II.

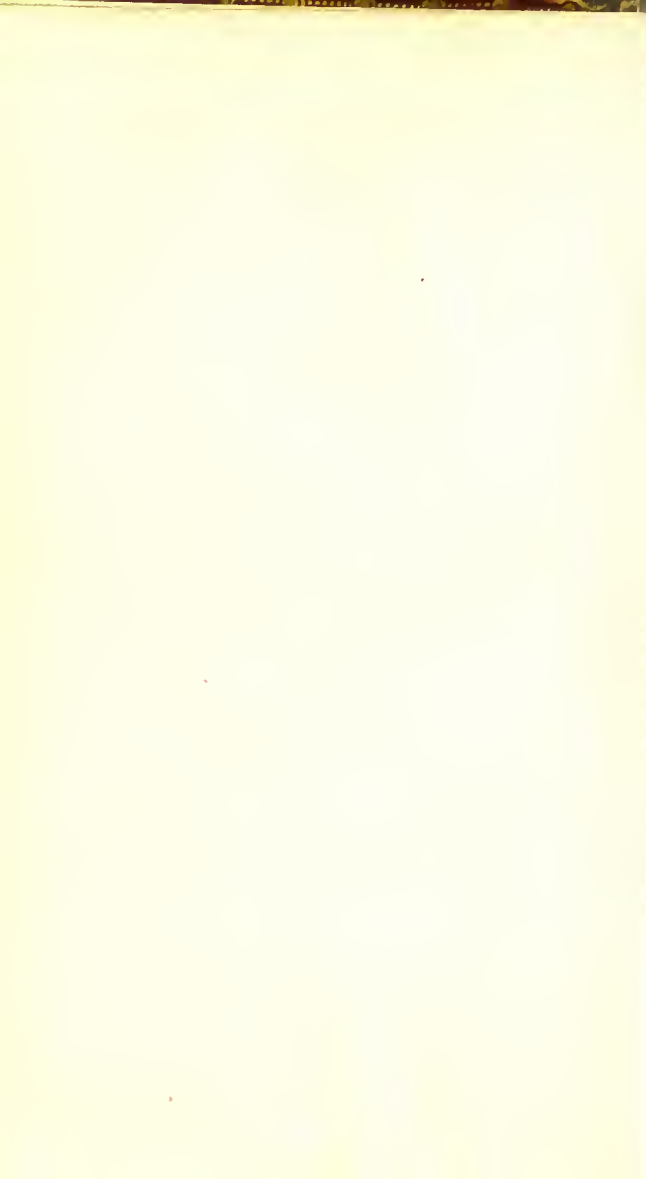
CONTAINING

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES,		BRISEIS TO ACHILLES,
MEDEA TO JASON,		ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE,
Etc. Etc.		

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1795.



OVID'S EPISTLES.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

BY MR. RHYMER.

Argument.

THE rape of Helen having carried all the Grecian princes to the siege of Troy; Ulysses, among the rest, there signalized his manhood and prudence particularly. But the siege at an end, and he not returning with the other captains, Penelope sends this letter in quest of him. She had rendered herself as deservedly famous on her part, by resisting all the while the importunity of her suitors with an unusual constancy and fidelity. She complains to Ulysses of their carriage, she likewise tells him her apprehensions and fears for him during the war and since, acquaints him with the ill posture of his family through his absence, and desires him to hasten home as the only means to set all right again.

To your Penelope at length break home,
Send no excuse, nor stay to write, but come.
Our trouble long, Troy does not hold you now ;
Nor Twenty Troys were worth all this ado.
Would some just storm and raging sea had drown'd
The ruffian, when for Lacedæmon bound ; 6
I should not then of tedious days complain,
Nor cold a-nights, and comfortless have lain ;
Nor should this pains to pass the ev'nings take,
And work, and weave, ev'n till my fingers ach. 10

I always fear'd worse dangers than the true,
(As always love unquiet fears pursue)
Fancy'd thee by fierce Trojans compass'd round,
And Hector's name still struck me to the ground.
When told of Nestor's son by Hector slain, 15
Straight Nestor's son rous'd all my fears again.
When for his sham how dear Patroclus paid :
I wept to find that wit no better sped.
Tlepolemus by Trojan jav'lin kill'd,
Through all my veins an icy terror thrill'd : 20
Whatever Greeks miscarry'd in the fray,
I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.
Heav'n for chaste love has better fate in store,
My husband lives, and Troy is now no more.
Our captains well return'd, each altar flames, 25
And temples all barbarian booty crams ;
For their safe loves the women off'rings bring,
And Trojan fates by ours defeated, sing.
All stand amaz'd to hear both old and young,
And list'ning wives upon their husbands hung, 30
Some on the table drew each bloody fight,
And spilling wine the whole sad Iliad write.
This Simois, that the Sigeian land,
And there did Priam's lofty palace stand.
Here skulk'd Ulysses, there Achilles dar'd, 35
There Hector torn the foaming horses scar'd.
All did old Nestor to your son explain,
To seek you sent ; who told me all again.

Your sword how Dolon, no, nor Rhesus 'scap'd,
 Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd. 40
 Fool-hardy you, and us remembring ill,
 Nightly amidst those Thracian tents to steal,
 There numbers slay, one only aiding thee ; [me.
 Thou hast been wise, and would'st have thought on
 Still pant I, told, how all in triumph brave, 45
 Round your friends camp those Thracian steeds you
 drave.

But what avails it me that Troy did yield,
 And by your prowess now the town's a field ?
 As when Troy stood, I still remain alone ;
 Th' effect continues, tho' the cause is gone ; 50
 To others sack'd, to only me upheld,
 Ev'n whilst it lies by Greek abiders till'd.
 For Priam's tow'rs, now lofty corn appears,
 And Phrygian blood a pond'rous harvest rears.
 No house remains, nought of a Trojan found, 55
 Unless you dig their bones from under ground.
 Where art thou, conqu'ror ? what detains thee now ?
 Or may not I your new achievements know ?
 Whatever skipper hither comes ashore,
 For thee I ask, and ask him o'er and o'er ; 60
 Nor parts he, 'till I scribble half a sheet,
 To give thee, should ye ever chance to meet,
 We sent to Pylos, Nestor's ancient seat,
 From Pylos we no certain tidings get :

To Sparta sent, the Spartans nothing know, 65
What course you steer, nor where you wander now.
Would those same God-built walls were standing
(Now I repent that e'er I wish'd 'em ill.) [still,
Then where thou fought'st, I surely should have
learn'd,

Nor, save for war, the common grievance mourn'd.
Now, what I know not, all I madly fear, 71
And a wild field lies open to my care.

By sea, or land whatever dangers sway,
Those I suspect the causes of your stay.
Whilst thus I simply muse, who knows your mind?
Perhaps abroad some other love you find : 76

Perhaps to her your dowdy wife define ;
Who knows no more, so that her cup-board shine.
No ; vanish jealous thoughts, nor fright me more,
He would be with me were it in his pow'r. 80

My sire would force me from my widow's bed,
Blames my delay, and chides, and shakes his head.
Let him chide on, yours still, yours only, I,
Penelope, Ulysses' wife will die.

Yet by my chaste desires, and virtue bent, 85
His temper does a little now relent.

From Crete and Samos, Rhodes and Zant set out,
To court me come a wild unruly rout ;
Who revel in your house without control,
And eat, and waste your means, our blood and soul.

Of Medon, Polybus, Pisander, fell 91
 Eurymachus, alas, why should I tell?
 With many more (you sadly out o'th' way)
 Feed here, and on your substance let 'em prey.
 The beggar Irus, and that goat-herd clown 95
 Melanthius, range and rummage up and down.
 So kept your house, such stout defenders we,
 A helpless wife, old man, and little boy;
 Whom late by treach'ry we had well nigh lost,
 'Gainst all our minds as he to Pylos crost; 100
 But Heav'ns preserve him 'till he die in course,
 Having first clos'd mine eyes, and also yours.
 Thus the old nurse, the hind, and hogherd pray;
 True servants, all, and faithful in their way.
 Disarm'd by age, Laertes is not fit, 105
 Amidst those bullies, to maintain your right.
 Age, if he lives, Telemachus may bring
 To strength, but yet he needs his father's wing.
 I, what am I? alas, my help is small!
 Come you, the strength and safety of us all. 110
 So may your son in virtuous arts increase,
 So may the old Laertes die in peace;
 Who in my bloom did at your parting mourn,
 I wither'd grow, in waiting your return.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. WHARTON.

PENELOPE this slow epistle sends
 To him on whom her future hope depends ;
 'Tis your Penelope, distress'd forlorn,
 Who asks no answer but your quick return.
 Priam and Troy, the Grecian dames just hate, 5
 Have long ere this, 'tis known, receiv'd their
 For which thy absence pays too dear a rate. [fate, }

O ! ere my hopes and joys had found their graves
 Why did not Paris perish by the waves ?
 I should not then pass tedious nights alone, 10
 Courting with fervent breath the rising sun ;
 But all in vain, for day is night to me :
 Nor day nor night brings comfort, only thee.
 My tender hands with weaving would not tire,
 Nor my soft thoughts with unobtain'd desire. 15

Still did my mind new fearful forms present,
 To kill my hopes, and raise my discontent,
 Love, jealous love, has more than eagles' eyes
 To spy out sorrows, but o'erlook our joys ;

I fancy'd furious Trojans, still were nigh,	20
To slay my lord, and all my hopes destroy.	
As there the arms of Hector still prevail,	
Here at his very name my cheeks grew pale ;	
When told Antilochus by him was slain,	
My hopes decay'd, my fears reviv'd again.	25
I wept when young Patroclus was o'erthrown,	
To find how weak the arts of wit were grown.	
The deeds of fierce Tlepolemus alarm'd	
My tender soul, and all my spirits charm'd.	
Each fatal scene, grief to my heart did show,	30
Whate'er they felt, I suffer'd here for you.	
But virtuous love propitious heav'n befriends,	}
My husband's safe on whom my life depends;	
Troy is o'erthrown, and all our sorrow ends.	
The Grecian triumph they at large declare,	35
The fall of Ilium, and the foes despair.	
Old men and tender maids with pleasure hear	
The fatal end of all their griefs and fear.	
The joyful wife from soft embraces now	}
Will hardly time to hear these tales allow,	
Forgets long absence, and renews her vow.	
Some on the tables their feign'd combats draw,	}
With sparkling bowls the victor speaks his joy,	
And with spilt wine describes the famous Troy ;	
Here, says he, Priam's palace did appear,	45
The far-fam'd river Simois glided here ;	

Here 'twas Achilles fought, Ulysses too;
 At that to guard my heart my spirits flew:
 Achilles' mighty name pass'd careless by,
 But at this name Penelope could die. 5c
 One shews the place where mangled Hector lay,
 To fierce Achilles fury made a prey.
 Describes the horses, which the body drew,
 'Taught by an instinct they before ne'er knew, }
 'To fear the man, who could no more pursue. }
 Breathless on earth, was laid the soul of Troy,
 'The army's triumph, and the city's joy.

This Nestor told your son, whom my fond haste
 Sent to enquire of dangers which were past;
 He told how Rhesus was with Dolon slain; 6c
 These tedious tales did but augment my pain, }
 I listen'd still to hear of you again. }

How truly valiant were you tho' unkind?
 You little thought of what you left behind,
 When in the night you ventur'd to invade 65
 The Thracian camp, my soul was fill'd with dread.
 Assisted but by one their strength you prove,
 'Too strong your courage, but too weak your love.

But what remains to me for conquests past,
 If like that city, still my hopes lie waste? 7c
 Your presence would my springing joy renew;
 Would Troy were glorious still, so I had you.
 Others I see their victories enjoy,
 Driving along the fatted spoils of Troy:

Th' unhappy beasts compell'd turn rebels now, 75
 And where their captive masters mourn must plough.
 Where barren walls were once, now fruitful fields
 Expect the sickle, and glad harvests yield.

Still they insult upon the conquer'd foes, }
 Raising their bury'd limbs with crooked ploughs; }
 E'en death to them is not the end of woes. 81 }

Grass grows, where once the tow'rs erected high,
 Of stately Ilium durst outface the sky,
 But why do I glad victories relate ?

I have no conquest, but the conquer'd's fate. 85

Thou, mighty victor, from my arms art fled,
 Despair here triumphs, and my comfort's dead;
 Thy image still I find within my heart,
 But if thou stray'st, with that and life I part.

Whatever stranger lands upon our shore, 90
 Thither I run, wing'd hope flies on before :

I ask, where is my lord ? Will he return ?
 Is he in health ? Or must I ever mourn ?

Then to his hands a letter straight I give,
 And cry give this to him in whom alone I live. 95
 But if no quick reply the stranger makes,

The springing blood my trembling cheeks forsakes.
 I fear your death, and more I fear your scorn, }
 I think Penelope is now forlorn, }
 Ulysses false and all his vows forsworn. 100 }

I sent to Pylos to enquire for thee,
 But found thee there a stranger as to me ;

To Sparta, but could there no tidings hear :
Where art thou, my Ulysses, tell me where ?
Where dost thou hide thyself t' increase my fear ? }
None of thy victories to me return, 106
Apollo's city's vanquish'd, yet I mourn :
Ah ! would it stood, that scene of pomp and pride,
Then I should know where all my hopes reside :
But now, alas ! I know not where thou art, 110
My vows are turn'd, and help to break my heart.
What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my care,
I know not where to limit now my fear ;
My sorrows wander in so large a field,
I fear all dangers sea and earth can yield. 115
Forgive me, dear Ulysses, if sometimes
My eager love dares tax thy heart of crimes.
I sometimes think some crafty stranger may
Have made thy absent wand'ring heart a prey ;
Where to make sure the vows to her are sworn, 120
Penelope each day is made a scorn.
Thou tell'st her, the weak distaff is my care,
I know no art the conq'ror to ensnare ;
The homely duties of a wife I prove,
But never knew to fix a wand'ring love. 125
When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep despair,
Then straight I rave and chide away those fears ;
I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy pow'r
Ulysses were Penelope's this hour.

My father adds to my insulting fate, 130
 Bidding me quit those robes and widow'd state ;
 And laughs to hear me feign some weak excuse,
 Rather than all my vows and hopes abuse :
 But let him laugh, I'm thine, and only thine,
 Tho' much I fear Ulysses is not mine ; 135
 My fix'd resolves at length have conquer'd him,
 He thinks I may be true without a crime.

Slaves I have many, who affect to move,
 But vainly tempt my fix'd and constant love :
 Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all those arts 140
 Which captive and secure less faithful hearts;
 They lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,
 Thy wealth is theirs, who bless thy kind delay, }
 All but thy wife to them is made a prey.
 Why should I reckon up each hated name, 145
 Hateful to me, and cruel to thy fame ;
 Pylander, Polypus, and Medon here,
 Are fierce thro' pow'r, I feeble thro' despair.
 Why should I name the sly Eurymachus,
 The curs'd and covetous, Antinous ? 150
 Ulysses, these and more to thy disgrace
 Live on thy riches, while thy herds decrease ;
 The mean Melanthus and poor Irus too, }
 Are ever in the way t' assist the crew,
 Whose careless riots all my hopes undo : 155 }
 Alone upon thy succour we depend,
 We are but three, and weakly we defend ;

I am a woman, and Laertes old,
 Telemachus too young, the foe too bold ;
 Telemachus nigh lost the other day, 160
 For he for Pylos had prepar'd his way
 Against my will, who ne'er could have design'd,
 Parting with th' only pledge you left behind.
 O may he live, that when i'm freed by death,
 Ulysses' soul may in his bosom breathe. 165
 The little family you left behind
 Thus pray for him whom all the gods design'd
 Heir to thy wealth, and to thy richer mind. }
 Laertes 'mongst his foes is old and weak,
 His pow'r decays, in vain his help I seek. 170
 Your son may live, the foe may grow less strong.
 As yet they're powerful, and their hopes are young,
 Return, my wand'ring lord, the only scope
 Of all our pray'rs, the end of all our hope ;
 Return, and teach your son like you to know, 175
 The arts to govern and subdue a foe ;
 Instruct his tender years for learning fit,
 His blood is thine, and thine may be his wit ;
 Return, and bless Laertes, ere he dies,
 With thy dear sight, then close his willing eyes ; 180
 Return, and bless thy wife, whose youth decays }
 With shedding tears at thy unkind delays ;
 Return, life of our hopes, light of our days. }

HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

BY MR. SETTLE.

Argument.

THE desire of gaining the golden Fleece put Jason upon a voyage to Colchos. In his passage he stopped at the island of Lemnos, of which place Hypsipyle was then queen, famed for her pious saving of her father Thoas, in a general massacre of the men there by the women of that country. Her entertainment of Jason was so kind, as induced him to stay there two years, at the end of which he leaves the island, and the queen, (then big with child;) and after a thousand vows of constancy, and speedy return, pursues his first intended voyage, and arrives at Colchos, where Æta was king. Medea his daughter falls in love with Jason, and by her charms he gained the golden Fleece; with which, and Medea, he sailed home to Thessaly. Hypsipyle, hearing of his landing with her more happy rival Medea, writes him this epistle.

LADEN, they say, with Jason's golden prize,
 Proud Argo in Thessalia's harbour lies.
 I would congratulate your safe return;
 But from your pen I should that safety learn.
 When from my slighted coast you bore away, 5
 Spite of the winds, you show'd less faith than they.
 If 'twas too much t'enjoy my dearest lord,
 Sure I deserv'd one line, one tender word.
 Why did fame first, and not their conqu'ror, show,
 How war's fierce God saw his tam'd bulls at plough?

How th'earth-born warriors rose, and how they fell
By their own swords, without your conqu'ring steel?
How in your charms the fetter'd dragon lay,
Whilst your bold hand bore the curl'd gold away?
When doubtful tongues shall Jason's wonders tell,
Would I could say, see here's my oracle. 16
But tho' unkind love's silence I deplore,
Your heart still mine, I would desire no more.
But ah, that hope is vain;—a witch destroys
My fancy'd pleasures, and my promis'd joys. 20
Would I could say (but oh, love's fear's too strong!)
Would I could say, I guiltless Jason wrong.
Lately a guest came from th' Hemonian land:
My door scarce reach'd with transport I demand
How fares my Jason? His sad look he bore, 25
Fixt with an om'nous silence on the floor.
My robes I tore, and thus, with horror cry'd,
Lives he? or with one wound both hearts must bleed?
He lives, said he; to which I made him swear:
He swore by heav'n, yet I retain'd my fear. 30
My sence return'd to ask your deeds; he said,
That the yok'd bulls of Mars in chains you led:
The snake's own teeth a crop of heroes bore,
Whilst a rough native case their limbs husk'd o'er:
And by their own intestine fury slain, 35
One day's short age completes their active reign.
Again I ask, does my dear Jason live?
Such ebbs and flows love's fears and hopes do give;

He fatally proceeds, and with much art 39
 Would hide, yet shews the falseness of your heart.
 Ah, where's your nuptial faith, that flatt'ring style,
 Love's torch, more fit to light my fun'ral pile !
 I have no lawless plea to Jason's love ;
 Juno and Hymen our just chaplets wove :
 Ah no ! not these mild gods : Erinnys' hand, 45
 At our curst rites, held her infernal brand.
 Why to my Lemnos did your vessel steer ?
 Or why, fond fool, did I admit you here ?
 Here no bright ram with golden glory shone,
 Nor was my Lemnos the Ætean throne. 50
 A first—(but fates all faint resolves withstand)
 I thought t'expel you with a female hand.
 The Lemnian ladies are in arms well skill'd :
 Their guard has been my life's securest shield.
 But in my city, roof, my soul receiv'd, 55
 For two blest years my darling Jason liv'd.
 Forc'd the third summer to a sad farewell,
 Mixt with his tears these parting accents fell :
 Do not at our divided fates repine,
 Thine I depart, to return ever thine. 60
 May our yet unborn pledge live long, to prove
 The object of its rival parents love.
 'Twixt sighs and tears, thro' those false gales did pour
 These falser show'rs, 'till grief could speak no more.
 You were the last the fatal Argo reach'd, 65
 Whose swellingsails th' o'erhasty winds had stretch'd.

The furrowing keel the sea's green surface plough'd ;
You to the shore, to th' seas I gazing bow'd.

In haste I ran to an adjacent tow'r :

My tears o'er all my face and bosom show'r. 70

There my wet eyes my wafted soul pursue,
And ev'n beyond their natural optics flew.

A thousand vows for your return I made ;

You are return'd, and they should now be paid.

My vows for curs'd Medea's triumphs pay ! 75

My heart to grief, my love to rage gives way.

Shall I deck temples, and make altars shine,

For that false man that lives, but lives not mine ?

I never was secure. 'Twas my long dread,

You by your father's choice a Greek might wed. 80

To no Greek bride, t'an unexpected foe,

My wounds I t' a barbarian harlot owe :

One who by spells and herbs does hearts surprise :

Nor are her slaves the trophies of her eyes.

She from her course the struggling moon would hold,

The sun himself in magick shades infold ! 86

She curbs the waves, and stops the rapid floods,

And from their seats removes whole rocks and woods.

With her dishevell'd hair, the wand'ring hag

Does half-burnt bones from their warm ashes drag.

In molten wax, tho' absent, kills by art, 91

Arm'd with her needle, goars a tortur'd heart.

Nay, what desert and form should only move,

By philters she secures her Jason's love.

How can you dote on such infernal charms, 95
 And sleep securely in a Siren's arms?
 You, as the bulls, she does t' her yoke subdue,
 And as she tam'd the dragon, conquers you.
 Tho' your great deeds, and no less race you boast,
 Link'd to that fiend your sullied fame is lost. 100
 Nay by the censuring world 'tis justly thought,
 Your conquests by her sorceries were wrought;
 And the Phryxean ram's triumphant ore,
 They say, not Jason, but Medea bore.
 This northern bride your parents disapprove; 105
 Consult your duty in your nobler love.
 Let some wild Scythian her loath'd bed possess,
 A mistress only fit for savages.
 Jason, more false, more changeable than wind, 110
 Have vows no weight, and oaths no pow'r to bind?
 Mine you departed: ah, return mine too,
 Let my kind arms their long-lost scenes renew.
 If high birth, and great names your heart can turn,
 Know, I'm the royal Thoas' daughter born.
 Bacchus my grandsire is, whose bride divine 115
 All-lesser constellations does out-shine.
 My dower these and fertile Lemnos make,
 All these and me, thy equal title, take.
 Nay, I'm a mother: A kind father be,
 And soften all the pains I've borne for thee. 120
 Yes, heav'n with twins has blest our genial bed;
 And would you in their look their father read?

His treach'rous smiles they are too young to wear,
In all things else you'll find your picture there;
I'd sent those envoys in these letters stead, 125
Both for their own and mother's wrongs to plead,
Had not their stepdame's murders bid 'em stay;
Too dear a treasure for that monster's prey.
Would her deaf rage, that rent her brother's bones,
Spare my young blood, or hear their tender groans?
Yet in your arms this dearer traitress lies; 131
Above my truth you this false pois'ner prize.
This mean adult'rate wretch was basely kind;
Love's sacred lamp our chaste embraces join'd;
Her father she betray'd, mine lives by me, 135
I Lemnos' pride, she Colcho's infamy.
And thus her guilt my piety outvies,
Whilst with her crimes her dow'r, your heart she buys.
False man, I blame, nor wonder at the rage
O'th' Lemnian dames: wrongs do all arms engage.
Suppose, in vengeance to your guilt, just heav'n 141
Had on my shore the perjur'd Jason driv'n;
Whilst I with my young twins to meet you came,
And made you call on rocks to hide your shame.
How could you look upon my sons and me? 145
Traitor, what pains, what death too bad for thee?
Perhaps indeed I Jason had not hurt,
But 'tis my mercy more than his desert:
The harlot's blood had sprinkled all the place, 149
Dash'd in your faithless, and once charming face.

I to Medea should Medea prove ;
And if Jove hears the pray'rs of injur'd love,
May that loath'd hag, that has my bed enjoy'd,
Be by my fate and her own arts destroy'd.
Like me, a mother and a wife forlorn, 155
Be from her ravish'd lord and children torn.
May her ill-gotten trophies never last,
But round the world be th'hunted monster chas'd.
Those dooms, her sire and murder'd brother met,
May she t'her husband and her sons repeat. 160
Driv'n from the world, let her attempt the skies,
'Till in despair by her own hand she dies.
Thus wrong'd Thoantias prays, your lives curst
 remnant lead,
An execrable pair, in a detested bed.

MEDEA TO JASON.

BY MR TATE.

Argument.

JASON arrives with his companions at Colchos, where the golden fleece was kept, which, before he can obtain, he is to undertake several adventures; first to yoke the wild bulls; then to sow the serpent's teeth, from whence should instantly rise an army, with which he must encounter; and lastly, to make his passage by the dragon that never slept. In order to this, he solicits Medea, daughter to the king, and skilful in charms, by whose assistance (on promise of love) he gains the prize. Then flies with her; the king pursues them. Medea kills her little brother, scatters his limbs, and whilst the king stays to gather them up, escapes with her lover into Thessaly; where she restores decrepit Aison to his youth. On the same promise she persuades Pelias's daughters to let out their father's blood, but deceitfully leaves them guilty of parricide. For this and other crimes, Jason casts her off and marries Creusa daughter to Creon king of Corinth; on which the enraged Medea, according to the various transports of her passion writes this complaining, soothing, and menacing epistle.

YET I found leisure, tho' a queen, to free
 By magic arts thy Grecian friends and thee;
 The fates should then have finish'd with my reign,
 The life that since was one continu'd pain. [Greece.
 Who should have dreamt the youth of distant
 Should e'er have sail'd to seize the Phrygian fleece!
 That th' Argo should in view of Colchos ride! 7
 A Grecian army stem the Phasian tide!

Why were those snares, thy looks, so tempting made!
 A tongue so false, so pow'rful to persuade! 10
 No doubt but he that had so rashly sought
 Our shore, with the fierce bulls unspell'd, had fought:
 And fondly too th' arms bearing seed had sown,
 'Till by the crop the tiller was o'erthrown.
 How many frauds had then expir'd with thee! 15
 As many killing griefs remov'd from me,
 'Tis some relief, when ill returns are made,
 With favours done th' ungrateful to upbraid:
 This triumph will afford some little ease,
 False Jason leaves me this — 20

When first your doubtful vessel reach'd our port,
 And you had entrance to my father's court;
 There was I then what now your new bride's here,
 My royal father might with hers compare.
 With princely pomp was your arrival grac'd, 25
 The meanest Greek on Tyrian beds we plac'd.
 Then first I gaz'd my liberty away,
 And date my ruin from that fatal day;
 Fate pusht me on, and with your charms combin'd,
 I view'd your sparkling eyes till I was blind. 30
 You soon perceiv'd, for who could ever hide,
 A flame that by its own light is descry'd?
 But now that task's propos'd, and thou must tame
 The bulls with brazen hoofs and breath of flame.
 With these the fatal field thou art to plough, 35
 From whence a sudden host of foes must grow.

Those dangers past, still to the golden prey
 The baleful fiery dragon guards the way.
 Thus spake the king ; your knights start from the
 feast,

And e'en your cheeks a pale despair confest. 40
 Where then was your ador'd Creüsa's dow'r ?
 And where her father Creon's boasted pow'r ?
 Sad went'st thou forth ; my pitying eyes pursue,
 I sigh'd, and after sent a soft adieu !

In restless tears I spent that tedious night, 45
 Presenting still thy dangers to my sight ;
 The savage bulls and more the savage host,
 But th' horrid serpent did affright me most !
 Thus tost with fear and love, fear swell'd the flame
 My sister early to my apartment came : 50
 Sad and dejected she surpriz'd me there
 With eyes distilling, and dishevell'd hair ;
 On your behalf she sought me, nor could crave
 My aid for you, so freely as I gave !

A grove there is, an awful gloomy shade, 55
 Too close for ev'n the sun himself t' invade ;
 These woods with great Dianna's fane were grac'd,
 I' th' midst the goddess on high tripods plac'd.
 There (if that place you can remember yet,
 Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met. 60
 Then, thus in soft deluding sounds you said——
 “ Take pity on our suff'rings royal maid !

“ Rest, pleas’d thou hast the pow’r to kill, but
 “ give

“ Proofs of diviner might and make us live !

“ By our distresses, (which thy art alone 65

“ Has pow’r to succour) by th’ all seeing sun,

“ By the chaste deity that governs here,

“ And whate’er else you sacred hold or dear,

“ Take pity on our youth, and bind us still

“ Eternal servants to Medea’s will; 70

“ And if a stranger’s form can touch your mind,

“ (If such blest fate was e’er for me design’d !

“ This flesh to dust dissolve, this spirit to air,

“ When I think any but Medea fair.

“ Be conscious Juno witness to my vow. 75

“ And this dread goddess at whose shrine we bow.”

Your charming tongue stopt here, and left the rest

To be by yet more powerful tears exprest.

I yield, and by my art instruct you now,

To yoke the brass-hooft bulls and make ’em plough.

Then with a daring hand you sow the field, 81

That for an harvest does an army yield;

Ev’n I look pale, that gave the pow’rful charms,

To see the wond’rous crop of shining arms !

Till th’ earth-born brothers in fierce battle join’d,

Their sudden lives more suddenly resign’d : 86

The serpent next, a yet more dang’rous toil

With scaly bosom ploughs the yielding soil,

O'ershades the field with vast expanded wings,
 And brandishes in air his threat'ning stings! 90
 Where was Creüsa at this needful hour?
 Where then were her fam'd charms and matchless
 dow'r?

Medea, that Medea, that is now
 Despis'd, thought poor, held guilty too by you,
 'Twas she that charm'd the wakeful dragon's sight,
 Gave you the fleece, and then secur'd your flight:
 To merit you, what could I more have done? }
 My father I betray, my country shun, }
 And all the hazards of an exile run! }
 Tho', whilst I yield me thus a robber's prize, 100 }
 My tender mother in my absence dies, }
 And at her feet my breathless sister lies. }
 Why left I not my brother too?—cold fear
 Arrests my hand, and I must finish here!
 'This hand that tore the infant in our flight, 105
 What then it dar'd to act, dreads now to write.

To the rough seas undaunted I repair;
 For after guilt what can a woman fear?
 Why 'scap'd our crimes those seas? we should have
 dy'd;

For falsehood thou, and I for parricide. 110
 The justling isles should there have dash'd our bones,
 And hung us piecemeal on the ragged stones,
 Or Scylla gorg'd us in her rav'nous den,
 Wrong'd Scylla thus should use ungrateful men!

Charybdis too should in our fate have shar'd, 115
 Nor ought of our sad wreck his whirlpool spar'd.
 Yet safe we reach your shore ; the Phrygian fleece
 Is made an off'ring to the gods of Greece.
 The Pelian daughters' pious bloody deed
 I pass, that rashly made their fathers bleed ; 120
 Your safety 'twas that drew me to this fraud :
 The guilt that others blame you should applaud !
 But 'stead of thanks, your court I am forbid !
 Yourself forbade me, faithless Jason did !
 With none but my two infants I depart, 125
 And Jason's form that ne'er forsakes my heart.
 At length thy rev'ling nuptial songs surprise
 My wounded ear, thy nuptial torch my eyes ;
 The rabble shout, the clamour nearer drew,
 And as it came more near, more dreadful grew : 130
 My servants weep in corners, and refuse
 Th' ungrateful task of such unwelcome news !
 I yet forbear t'enquire, though still my breast
 The dreadful apprehensions did suggest.
 My youngest boy now from the window spy'd 135
 The coming pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd.
 " Look mother, look ! see where my father rides,
 " With shining reins his golden chariot guides."
 At this my pale forsaken breast I tore,
 Nor spar'd the face, whose beauties charm no more.
 Alas ! what did I spare ! scarce could I spare 141
 My honour, scarcely thee, could scarce forbear

To force my passage to thy chariot now.
And tear the garland from thy perjur'd brow.

Offended father, now thy griefs discharge ! 145
My brother's blood is now reveng'd at large.
The man, for whom I fled and injur'd thee !
Whose love sole comfort of my flight cou'd be,
Th' ungrateful man has now forsaken me ! }
I tam'd the bulls, and could the serpents bind, 150
But for perfidious love no spell can find :
The dragons baleful fires, my arts suppress,
But not the flames that rage within my breast.
In love my pow'rfull'st herbs are useless made,
In vain is Hecate summon'd to my aid ; 155
I sigh the day, the night in watches spend,
No slumbers on my careful brows descend,
With poppies' juice in vain my eyes I steep,
And try the charm that made the dragon sleep.
I only reap no profit from my charms ! 160
They sav'd, but sav'd thee for my rival's arms !
There, 'cause you know the theme will grateful be,
Perhaps you're so unjust t' exclaim on me !
To tax my manners, rally on my face,
And make th' adult'ress sport with my disgrace ! 165
Laugh on proud dame ; but know thy fate is nigh,
When thou shalt yet more wretched be than I ;
When wrong'd Medea unreveng'd sits still,
Sword, flame, and poison, have forgot to kill.

If pray'rs the flinty Jason's breast can move, 170
 My just complaint will sure successful prove.
 Stretch'd at thy feet a suppliant princess see;
 Such was thy posture when she pity'd thee.
 And tho' a wife's discarded title fail,
 My infants still are thine, let them prevail! 175
 So much th'are thine so much thy likeness bear,
 Each look I cast is follow'd by a tear.

Now by the gods, by all our past delights,
 By those dear pledges of our am'rous nights,
 Restore to me thy love; I claim my due; 180
 Be to my merit, and thy promise true.
 I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,
 To set me from fierce bulls and serpents free;
 I only crave thy love, thy love restore,
 For which I've done so much and suffer'd more. 185
 Dost thou demand a dow'r?—'twas paid that day
 When thou didst bear the golden fleece away:
 Thy life's a dow'r, and thy dear foll'wers health,
 The youth of Greece; weigh these with Creon's
 wealth.

To me thou ow'st that thou art Creon's heir, 190
 That now thou liv'st to call Creüsa fair,
 You've wrong'd me all, and on you all—but hold,
 I form revenge too mighty to be told,
 My thoughts are now to th' utmost ruin bent!
 Perhaps I shall the fatal rage repent. 195

But on——for I (whate'er the mischief be)
Shall less repent than that I trusted thee,
The god alone that rages in my breast,
Can see the dark revenge my thoughts suggest :
I only know 'twill soon effected be, 200
And when it comes, be vast and worthy me.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

BY MR. OTWAY.

Argument.

THESEUS, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the daughter of Minos and Pasiphæ, for the assistance which she gave, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife : so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra ; who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter : Wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

If thou'rt unkind, I ne'er shall health enjoy ;
 Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy :
 Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
 Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd :
 Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move : 5
 By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
 Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
 Upon my falt'ring tongue abortive dy'd.
 Long, shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
 But what I blush to speak, love made me write. 10

'Tis dang'rous to resist the pow'r of love,
The Gods obey him, and he's king above :
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And premis'd me to bring thee hither bound :
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine, 15
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine !
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care :
Search back thro' all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But love long breeding, to worst pains does turn ;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn ! 20
As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind.
When young, love's pang's by arts we may remove, ,
But in our riper years with rage we love. 26
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And prithee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows ? 30
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?
Oh in thy love I shall no hazard run ;
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno yield her Jove to me, 35
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee :
Believe me too with strange desires I change,
Among wild beasts I long with thee to range.

To thy delights and Delia I incline,
 Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine: 40
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
 And o'er the mountains tops my hounds to cheer,
 Shaking my dart; then, the chace ended, lie
 Stretch'd on the grass : And would'st not thou be by ?
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride, 45
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
 Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they, }
 When under Ida's hill they off'rings pay : }
 Ev'n mad as those the deities of night 50
 And water, Fauns and Dryads do affright.
 But still each little interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
 Sure on our race, love like a fate does fall,
 And Venus will have tribute of us all. 55
 Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame :
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain :
 The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid 60
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made :
 Now in that family, my right to save,
 I am at last on the same terms a slave ;
 'Twas fatal to my sister, and to me,
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee. 65

Let monuments of triumph then be shown,
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid :
'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain, 70
Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein;
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head :
A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread,
That face which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms : 75
I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart, 80
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art :
'To see thee poise the jav'lin, moves delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my sight :
But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine : 85
Must cold Diana be ador'd alone ;
Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none ?
That pleasure palls if 'tis enjoy'd too long ;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow ; 90
Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was slain ;

Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age, for youth like thine. 95
 Under the spreading shades her am'rous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy :
 Atlanta's love too Meleager sought,
 And to her, tribute paid of all he caught :
 Be thou and I the next blest Sylvan pair : 100
 Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts arc.
 With thee, thro' dang'rous ways unknown before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little Isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise, 105
 There in Træzena I thy love will meet,
 More bless'd and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Thessaly, where always let him stay
 With his Pirithous, whom well I see 110
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus exprest his hate ;
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight :
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my sister falsly run away ; 115
 And left expos'd to every beast a prey :
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor tho' she gave him thee, could make him kind.

Unwedd'd too he murder'd her in spight,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right :
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault ;
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains, 125
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains :
 How canst thou rev'rence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled ?
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames ;
 Mother and son are notions, very names 130
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then,
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men :
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood, and kindred best we prove, 135
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd ;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
 A mother's kindness to a grateful son. 140
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way, }
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray. }
 But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live,
 In public, kisses take, in public, give ; 145
 Tho' in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause :

Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd ;
 So may my tyrant love to thee be kind.
 For this I am an humble suppliant grown : 150
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone ?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by love, that's seldom in the right :
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees :
 What's decent no true lover cares or secs : 155
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,
 And then some pity on my suff'rings take. 159
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire
 lies ?
 Tho' my great grandsire thunder from the skies ?
 What tho' my father's sire, in beams drest gay,
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day ?
 Their honour all in me to love's a slave,
 Then tho' thou wilt not me, their honour save ; 165
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dow'r I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king :
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my pray'r,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fair ;
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still, 170
 And ev'ry wood afford thee game to kill ;
 So may the mountain Gods and Satyrs all
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall.

So may the water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay. 175
Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine, }
Think that thou seest the streams that flow from }
mine.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Argument.

ÆNEAS, the son of Venus and Anchises, having at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father and son Ascanius from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships, and having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had kill'd her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promis'd him by the gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
 The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
 Not that I hope, (for oh, that hope were vain!)
 By words your lost affection to regain;
 But having lost whate'er was worth my care, 5
 Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
 'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
 Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!

While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows prepare
To seek a land that flies a searcher's care. 10
Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek ; that land
Is yet to conquer ; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd, 15
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince ?
Yet their new sceptres and new loves you seek ; 19
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know ?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below ?
If such a town, and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright : 25
Not holy tapers flame with purer light :
Æneas is my thought's perpetual theme ;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still :
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill ! 30
Myself I cannot to myself restore :
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave : nor canst thou Venus' offspring be, 35
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
 At least thou art from some fierce tigress come ;
 Or, on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
 Got by the winds, and in a tempest born : 40
 Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear ;
 Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
 Behold how high the foamy billows ride !
 The winds and waves are on the juster side.
 To winter weather and a stormy sea 45
 I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
 Death thou deserv'st from heaven's avenging laws ;
 But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
 To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
 'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate, 50
 Stay but a little, 'till the tempest cease,
 And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace !
 May all thy rage, like theirs, inconstant prove !
 And so it will if there be pow'r in love.
 Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain ? 55
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main ?
 Which, were it smooth, were ev'ry wave asleep,
 Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
 In that abyss the Gods their vengeance store,
 For broken vows of those who falsely swore. 60
 Their winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
 To vindicate the justice of her state.
 Thus I to thee the means of safety show :
 And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.

False as thou art, I not thy death design: 6
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words should omen bear)
Then, in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye. 7
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'st me stare
Gasp my mouth, and clogged all my hair;
Then should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What couldst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?
Lest this should happen, make not haste away; 7
To shun thy danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd? 8
But neither Gods nor parent didst thou hear,
(Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear)
False as the tale of thy romantic life;
Nor yet am I thy first deluded wife.
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd, 8
By thee base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender hear
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like these,
Sev'n winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas. 9
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.

To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough ; but oh, too kind the rest !
Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought, 95
Where from the storm, we common shelter sought !
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place :
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my fun'ral from below. 100
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name !
By death redeem my reputation lost ;
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove, 105
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love ;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue
stands,
The pious monument of artful hands :
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes ; thy wife thy lawful summons hears ; 111
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed :
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire 115
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
O ! such he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.

But cruel stars my birth-day did attend :
And as my fortune open'd, it must end. 120
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain :
Friendless and follow'd by the murd'rers hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate,
And here, a suppliant, from the natives hands 125
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea ;
Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee ;
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear, 130
For now they arm ; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend ; 135
And for my person would my crown defend :
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas, give me up a prey ;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.) 140
Or to my husband's murd'rer leave my life ;
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then : since no complaints can move thy mind :
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
'Touch not those Gods by whom thou art forsworn :
Who will in impious hands no more be borne :

Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
 And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
 Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
 And part of thee lies hid within my womb. 150
 The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
 And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
 Some God, thou say'st, thy voyage does command ;
 Would the same God had barr'd thee from my land.
 The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers, 155
 Who kept thee out at sea so many years ;
 Where thy long labours were a price so great,
 Which thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
 But Tiber now thou seek'st ; to be at best,
 When there arriv'd a poor precarious guest. 160
 Yet it deludes thy search : perhaps it will
 To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
 A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
 And without conqu'ring here thou art a king.
 Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy :
 Here young Ascanius may his arms employ ! 165
 And while we live secure in soft repose,
 Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
 By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee stay ;
 By all the Gods, companions of thy way. 170
 So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
 Live still, and with no future fortune strive ;
 So may thy youthful son old age attain,
 And thy dead father's bones in peace remain ;

As thou hast pity on unhappy me, 17
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born for fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.

To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love. 18
To be secur'd of still possessing thee
What would I do, and what would I not be.
Our Lybian coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go,
But now, with northern blasts the billows roar, 18
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away ;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay,
Thy weary men would be with ease content ;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move, 19
What thou deny'st my merit give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo ;
And give me time to struggle with my woe,
If not : know this, I will not suffer long ; 19
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay, [floo
My tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts the
And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood
How well my gift does with my fate agree !
My fun'ral pomp is cheaply made by thee.

Tono new wounds my bosom I display,
The sword but enters where love made the way,
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend, 205
Shalt my cold ashes, to their urn attend,
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear,
" Unhappy Dido lies, in quiet here. 210
" The cause of death, and sword by which she dyd,
" Æneas gave; the rest her arm supply'd."

THE
 FOREGOING EPISTLE
 OF
 DIDO TO ÆNEAS.
 BY ANOTHER HAND.

So in unwonted notes, when sure to die,
 The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
 I do not hope by this to change my fate,
 Since heav'n and you are both resolv'd to hate :
 Robb'd of my honour, 'tis no wonder now, 5
 That you disdain me when I meanly sue ;
 Deaf to my pray'rs that you resolve to go,
 And leave th' unhappy you have render'd so.
 You and your love the winds away must bear,
 Forgot is all that you so oft did swear : 10
 With cruel haste to distant lands you fly,
 Yet know not whose they are, nor where they lie.
 On Carthage and its rising walls you frown,
 And shun a sceptre, which is now your own ;
 All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn, 15
 And fondly seek a fancy'd diadem.

And should you reach at last this promis'd land,
 Who'll give its power into a stranger's hand?
 Another easy Dido do you seek;
 And new occasions new-made vows to break? 20
 When can you walls like ours of Carthage build,
 And see your streets with crowds of subjects fill'd?
 But tho' all this succeeded to your mind,
 So true a wife no search could ever find.

Scorch'd up with love's fierce fire my life does
 waste, 25

Like incense on the flaming altar cast;
 All day Æneas walks before my sight,
 In all my dreams I see him ev'ry night:
 But see him still ungrateful as before,
 And such as, if I could, I should abhor. 30
 But the strong flame burns on against my will,
 I call him false, but love the traitor still.

Goddess of love, thee all the world adore!
 And shall thy son slight thy almighty pow'r?
 His brother's stubborn soul let Cupid move, 35
 Teach me to hate, or him to merit love!
 But the impostor his high birth did feign,
 (Tho' to that tale his face did credit gain,)
 He was not born of Venus, who could prove
 So cruel, and so faithless in his love. 40

From rocks or mountains he deriv'd his birth!
 Fierce wolves or savage tigers brought him forth!

Or else he sprung from the tempestuous main,
To which so eagerly he flies again.

How dreadful the contending waves appear ! 45

These winter storms by force would keep you here.

The storms are kinder, and the winds more true !

Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.

You'll shew your hatred at too dear a rate,

If, to fly me, you run on certain fate. 50

Stay only till these raging tempests cease,

And breeding Halcyons all my fears release.

Then you perhaps may change your cruel mind,

And will learn pity from the sea and wind.

Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and seen ? 55

And will you tempt the faithless floods again ?

Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be so ;

'Think to what distant countries you would go.

There's not one God who will that vessel bless,

Which lies, and frauds and perjuries oppress. 60

The sea let every faithless lover fear,

The queen of love rose thence, and governs there.

Still the dear cause of all my ills I love,

And my last words heav'n for your safety move ;

That your false flight may not as fatal be 65

To you, as your dissembled love to me.

But in the storm, when the huge billows roll,

(Th' unlucky omen may kind heav'n control)

Think what distracting thoughts will fill your soul. } 70

You'll then remember every broken vow, 70
 With horror think on murder'd Dido too.
 My ghost all pale and ghastly shall be there,
 With mortal wounds still bleeding I'll appear.
 Then you will own what to such crimes is due,
 And think each flash of lightning aim'd at you. 75

Your cruel flight till the next calm delay,
 Your quiet passage will reward your stay.
 I beg not for myself, but do not join
 The guilt of your Ascanius' death to mine. 79
 What has your son, what have your Gods deserv'd
 For a worse fate, were they from flames preserv'd?
 But sure you neither sav'd them from the fire,
 Nor on your shoulders bore your aged sire;
 But did contrive that story to deceive
 A queen, so fond, so willing to believe. 85
 Your ready tongue told many a pleasing lie,
 Nor did it practise first these cheats on me.
 You by like arts did fair Creüsa gain,
 And then forsook her with a like disdain.
 I've wept to hear you tell that lady's fate, 90
 Myself now justly more unfortunate.

'Tis to revenge those crimes the Gods engage,
 And make you wander out your wretched age.

A ship-wreck'd wretch I kindly did receive, 94
 My wealth and crown to hands unknown did give.
 Had I stopp'd there, I had been free from shame,
 And had not stain'd my clear and spotless fame.

Heav'n to betray my honour did comply,
When thunder and black clouds fill'd all the sky,
And made us to the fatal shelter fly. 100 }

The furies howl'd, and dire presages gave,
And shrieking nymphs forsook the guilty cave.
I cannot live, that crime torments me so,
Yet full of shame to my Sichæus go.

In a fair temple, built by skilful hands, 105
A sacred image of Sichæus stands,
With snowy fleeces drest, and garlands crown'd;
From thence of late I've heard a dismal sound!
Four times he call'd me with a hollow voice,
My loosen'd joints still trembled at the noise! 110
My dearest lord, your summons I obey:
'Tis shame to meet you, makes this short delay.

Yet such a tempter might the crime excuse,
His heav'nly race, and all his solemn vows!
The best of fathers, the most pious son! 115
Who could suspect, he, who such things had done,
So well had acted all the parts of life,
Could have betray'd a princess and a wife?
Had he not wanted faith, yourself must own
He had deserv'd to fill my bed and throne. 120
In my first youth what care disturb'd my peace!
And my misfortunes with my years increase!
My husband's blood was by my brother spilt,
And still his wealth rewards the prosp'rous guilt.

Thro' ways unknown a dang'rous flight I take, 125
 His ashes and my native soil forsake ;
 Here shelter'd from my brother's cruelty,
 I bought this kingdom, which I gave to thee.
 My city did in glory daily rise,
 Which all my neighbours saw with envious eyes,
 And force against unfinish'd walls prepare, 131
 Threat'ning a helpless woman with a war.
 Those many kings, who did my bed desire,
 Now to revenge their slighted love conspire.

Go on, my people are at your command, 135
 Give me up bound to some fierce rival's hand :
 Assist my cruel brother's black design ;
 Drunk with Sichæus' blood, he thirsts for mine :
 But then pretend to piety no more,
 The false and perjur'd all the Gods abhor. 140
 Ev'n those you snatch'd from Troy's devouring flame,
 Are griev'd that from such hands their safety came.
 A growing infant in my womb you leave ;
 Of your whole self you cannot me bereave.
 You kill not Dido only, if you go, 145
 The guiltless and unborn you murder too ;
 With me a new unknown Ascanius dies :
 Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his cries.

But 'tis the God commands, and you obey :
 Ah ! would that he, who now forbids your stay,
 Had never led your shatter'd fleet this way ! 151

And now this God commands you out again,
 T' endure another winter on the main !
 Scarce Troy restor'd to all her ancient state,
 Were worth the seeking at so dear a rate. 155
 Cease then thro' such vast dangers to pursue
 A place, which, but in dreams you never knew :
 In search of which you your best years may waste,
 And come a stranger there, and old at last.
 See at your feet a willing people lies, 160
 And do not offer'd wealth and pow'r despise.
 Fix here the reliques of unhappy Troy,
 And in soft peace all you have sav'd enjoy.
 But if new dangers your great soul desires,
 If thirst of fame your son's young breast inspires,
 You'll frequent trials here for valour find ; 165
 Our neighbours are as rough as we are kind.
 By your dear father's soul I beg your stay,
 By the kind Gods who hither blest your way,
 And by your brother's dart, which all obey ! 170 }
 So may white conquest on your troops attend,
 And all your long misfortunes here take end.
 So with his years may your son's hopes increase.
 So may Anchises' ashes rest in peace.

Some pity let a suppliant princess move, 175
 Whose only fault was an excess of love.
 I am not sprung from any Grecian race,
 None of my blood did your lov'd Troy deface.

Yet if your pride think such a wife a shame,
I'll sacrifice my honour to my flame, 180 }
And meet your love by a less glorious name.

I know the dangers of this stormy coast,
How many ships have on our shelves been lost.
These winds have driv'n the floating sea-weed so,
That your entangled vessel cannot go. 185

Do not attempt to put to sea in vain,
'Till happier gales have clear'd your way again.
Trust me to watch the calming of the sea,
You shall not then, tho' you desir'd it, stay.
Besides, your weary seamen rest desire, 190
And your torn fleet new rigging does require.

By all I suffer, all I've done for you,
Some little respite to my love allow.

Time and calm thoughts may teach me how to bear
That loss, which now, alas! 'tis death to hear. 195

But you resolve to force me to my grave,
And are not far from all that you would have.
Your sword before me, whilst I write, does lie,
And by it, if I write in vain, I die.

Already stain'd with many a falling tear, 200
It shortly shall another colour wear.

You never could an apter present make,
'Twill soon, the life you made uneasy, take.
But this poor breast has felt your wounds before;
Slain by your love, your steel has now no pow'r.

Dear guilty sister, do not you deny
The last kind office to my memory ;
But do not on my fun'ral marble join
Much-wrong'd Sichæus' sacred name with mine :
“ Of false Æneas let the stone complain ; 210
“ That Dido could not bear his fierce disdain,
“ But by his sword, and her ownhand, was slain.” }

BRISEIS TO ACHILLES.

BY SIR JOHN CARYL.

Argument.

IN the war of Troy, Achilles having taken, and sacked Chrynesium, a town in the Lernesian country, amongst his other booty he took two very fair women, Chryseis and Briseis: Chryseis he presented to king Agamemnon, and Briseis he reserved for himself. Agamemnon, after some time, was forced by the oracle to restore Chryseis to her father, who was one of the priests of Apollo: Whereupon the king by violence took away Briseis from Achilles; at which Achilles incensed, left the camp of the Grecians, and prepared to sail home; in whose absence the Trojans, prevailing over the Grecians, Agamemnon was compelled to send Ulysses and others to offer him rich presents, and also Briseis, to induce him to return again to the army; but Achilles with disdain rejected them all. This letter therefore is written by Briseis, to move him that he would receive her, and return to the Grecian camp.

CAPTIVE Briseis in a foreign tongue,
 More by her blots, than words, sets forth her wrong.
 And yet these blots which by my tears are made,
 Above all words, or writing should persuade.
 Subjects (I know) must not their lords accuse; §
 Yet pray'rs and tears we lawfully may use.
 When ravish'd from your arms, I was the prey
 Of Agamemnon's arbitrary sway,
 I grant, you must at last have left the field;
 But for a lover, you too soon did yield: 12

A warrior's glory it must needs disgrace,
At the first summons to yield up the place.
The enemies themselves, no less than I,
Stood wond'ring at their easy victory :
I saw their lips in whispers softly move, 15
Is this the man so fam'd for arms and love ?
Alas ! Achilles 'tis not so we part
From what we love, and what is near our heart :
No healing kisses to my grief you gave,
You turn'd me off an unregarded slave. 20
Was it your rage, that did your love suppress !
Ah, love Briscis more, and hate Atrides less !
He is not born of a true hero's race,
Who lets his fury of his love take place.
Tigers and wolves can fight, love is the test, 25
Distinguishing the hero from the beast.
Alas, when I was from your bosom forc'd,
I felt my body from my soul divorc'd ;
A deadly paleness overspread my face ;
Sleep left my eyes, and to my tears gave place : 30
I tore my hair and did my death decree ;
Ah ! learn to part with what you love, from me.
A bold escape I often did essay,
But Greeks and Trojans too block'd up the way :
Yet tho' a tender maid could not break thro', 35
Methinks Achilles should not be so slow :
Achilles once the thunderbolt of war,
The hope of conqu'ring Greece, and Troy's despair,

Me in his rival's arms can he behold ?
 And is his courage with his love grown cold ? 40
 But I confess, that my neglected charms
 Did not deserve the conquest of your arms ;
 Therefore the gods did, by an easier way,
 Our wrongs atone and damages repay :
 Ajax with Phœnix and Ulysses bring, 45
 Humble submissions from their haughty king :
 The royal penitent rich presents sends,
 The strongest cement to piece-broken friends.
 When pray'rs well seconded with gifts are sent,
 Both mortal and immortal pow'rs relent. 50
 Twenty bright vessels of Corinthian brass,
 Their sculpture did the costly mine surpass ;
 Seven chairs of state, of the same art and mold,
 And twice five talents of persuasive gold ;
 Twelve fiery steeds of the Epirian breed, 55
 Matchless they are for beauty and for speed ;
 Six Lesbian maids (but these I well could spare)
 Their island sack'd, these were the gen'ral's share ;
 And last a bride, (ah ! tell 'em I am thine)
 At your own choice out of the royal line : 60
 With these they offer me : But might I chuse,
 You should take me, and all their gifts refuse :
 But me and those you sullenly reject,
 What have I done to merit this neglect ?
 Is it that you, and fortune jointly vow, 65
 Whom you make wretched, still to keep them so ?

Your arms my country did in ashes lay,
 My house destroy, brothers and husband slay,
 It had been kindness to have kill'd me too,
 Rather than kill me with unkindness now. 70
 With vows as faithless as your mother sea,
 You loudly promis'd, that you would to me,
 Country, and brothers, and a husband be. }
 And is it thus that you perform your vow,
 Ev'n with a dow'ry to reject me too? 75
 Nay fame reports, that with the next fair wind,
 Leaving your honour, faith, and me behind,
 You quit our coasts : Before that fatal hour,
 May thunder strike me, or kind earth devour !
 I all things but your absence, can endure, 80
 That's a disease which death must only cure.
 If to Achaia, you will needs return,
 Leaving all Greece your sullen rage to mourn,
 Place me but in the number of your train,
 And I no servile office will disdain : 85
 If I'm deny'd the honour of your bed,
 Let me at least be as your captive led :
 Rather than banish'd from your family,
 I will endure another wife to see ;
 A wife, to make the great Æacian line, 90
 Like starry heaven, as numerously shine ;
 That so your spreading progeny may prove
 Worthy of Thetis, and their grandsire Jove.

Let me on her an humble handmaid wait,
 On her, because to you she does relate. 95
 I fear (I know not why) that she may be
 Than to her other maids more harsh to me :
 But you are bound to guard your conquer'd slave,
 And to maintain the articles, you gave :
 Yet should you yield to her imperious sway, 100
 Do what you will, but turn me not away.
 But why should you depart, the king repents;
 The Grecian army wants you in their tents ;
 You conquer all, conquer your passion too;
 Or else with Hector you will Greece undo. 105
 Take arms (*Æacides*) but first take me,
 Your juster rage let routed Trojans see.
 For me begun, for me your anger end ;
 The fault I caus'd, let me have pow'r to mend.
 In this to me you may with honour yield, 110
 Rul'd by his wife, *Cenides* took the field.
 His mother's sacred curses him disarm'd,
 Rul'd by his wife's more pow'rful spells, uncharm'd
 His armour once put off he buckles on,
 And fights and conquers for his *Calidon* : 115
 That happy wife prevail'd, why should not I ?
 But you that title and my pow'r deny :
 Title, and pow'r, and all ambitious strife,
 Of being call'd your mistress, or your wife,
 I quietly lay down ; but I must have 120
 This claim allow'd, to be your faithful slave.

I by those dread, ill-cover'd ashes swear,
(Alas their tomb Lyrnesian ruins are)
Of my dead spouse, and by each sacred ghost,
Of my three brothers honourably lost, 125
Who for, and with their country bravely fell ;
By all that's awful both in heav'n and hell ;
And last of all, by thine own head and mine,
Whom love, tho' parted now, did sometimes join,
That I preserve my faith entire and chaste, 130
That I no foreign love, or pleasure taste :
That no aspersion can my honour touch ;
O ! that Achilles too could say as much !
Some think he mourns for me ; but others say,
In love's soft joys he melts his hours away : 135
That some new mistress with Circean charms,
Has lock'd him up in her lascivious arms,
And so transform'd from what he was before,
That he will fight for Greece or me no more.
The trumpet now to the soft lute must yield : 140
To midnight revels, marches in the field.
He whom of late Greece, as her Mars, ador'd ;
He, on whose massy spear, and glitt'ring sword,
The fates and death did wait, that mighty man
Now wields a busk, and brandishes a fan. 145
Avert it heaven ! can he be only brave
To waste my country, not his own to save ?
And when his arms my family mow'd down,
Lost he his sting and so became a drone ?

Ah! cure these fears and let me have the pride 150
 To see your jav'lin fix'd in Hector's side.
 O! that the Grecians would send me to try,
 If I could make your stubborn heart comply :
 Few words I'd use, all should be sighs and tears,
 And looks, and kisses, mix'd with hopes and fears :
 My love like light'ning thro' my eyes should fly,
 And thaw the ice, which round your heart does lie ;
 Sometimes my arms about your neck I'd throw ;
 And then embrace your knees and humbly bow :
 There is more eloquence in tears and kisses, 160
 Than in the smooth harangues of sly Ulysses :
 That noisy rhetoric of a twanging tongue,
 Serves but to lug the heavy crowd along :
 But souls with souls speak only by the eye,
 And at those windows one another spy : 165
 Thus, than your mother-sea rais'd by the wind
 More fierce, I would compose your stormy mind ;
 And my love shining on my tears that flow,
 Should make a rainbow and fair weather show,
 So dreams my love. Ah ! come, that I may try,
 If I can turn my dream to prophecy, 171
 So may your Pyrrhus live to equalize
 His grandsire's years, his father's victories.
 Let me no longer pin'd in absence lie ;
 Rather than live without you let me die ; 175
 My heart's already cold, and death does spread
 His livid paleness o'er my lively red.

My life hangs only on the slender hope,
That your reviving love your rage will stop,
If that should fail let me not linger on, 180
But let that sword (to mine, ah! too well known)
Me to my brothers, and my husband send;
Your hand began, your hand the work must end.
But why such cruelty? Come then, and save
Afflicted Greece, and me your humble slave : 185
How much more decently might you employ
Your ill-spent rage against Neptunian Troy!
Then furl your sails, once more your anchors cast :
Leave not your country, nor your honour blast.
But go or stay; with you I ought to move, 190
Made yours by right of war, and right of love.

DEJANIRA TO HERCULES,

BY MR. OLDMIXON.

Argument.

DEJANIRA having heard that Hercules was fallen in love with Iole, daughter of the king of Oechalia, whom he had lately vanquished and slain, and at the same time that he was dying by a poisoned shirt she had sent him, to recover as she had been told it would, his lost affection; between jealousy and rage for the first, and grief and despair for the latter, writes him the following epistle.

IN your late triumphs I rejoice, and share
 Your new renown, Oechalia's finish'd war.
 But, should the victor to the vanquish'd yield!
 Curst be the day that you the town compell'd.
 Thro' Greece the rumour flies, nor faster fame 5
 Proclaims your conquest, than she spreads your shame.
 By your vile bonds your former life's defil'd,
 And all the lustre of your labour soil'd:
 Those labours you with matchless might o'ercame,
 And Juno's hate, and rais'd a godlike name. 10
 But to young Iöle's base yoke you bow;
 Eurystheus now is pleas'd, and Juno now.

Nor will your step-mother be griev'd to hear
The blot indelible your fame will bear.
When Jove your mother for your birth enjoy'd, 15
The God, too little one, three nights employ'd.
But who'll believe the tale? for such a son
Might, surely, have been well conceiv'd in one.
Juno ne'er hurt'd you as Venus has,
She rais'd you when she purpos'd to depress. 20
But Venus on your neck her foot has plac'd,
And ne'er was hero more by love disgrac'd.
From you, the world deliver'd, holds her peace,
By you the land's secure, and safe the seas.
Both houses of the sun your merit know, 25
And heav'n does more to you than Atlas owe.
Your strength did once the sinking stars sustain,
And save those orbs, where you at last shall reign.
Without you, he on whom the burden lies,
Had fall'n, and unsupported left the skies. 30
What have you done, but all your glory stain'd,
And lost the praise you with such peril gain'd?
Tell me no more what deeds you once could do,
Nor boast you in the cradle serpents slew.
Two horrid snakes that then to death you wrung, 35
And prov'd the blood divine of which you sprung.
The man belies the God! your infant name
Is now forgotten, and your riper fame.
He, whom the son of Steneleus subdu'd,
And tam'd the fellest monsters of the wood, 40

Who long did Juno's hate undaunted prove,
 He, to whom all things yielded, yields to love.
 What then? the thund'rer was your sire, 'tis said,
 And highly I am honour'd by your bed.
 But as the plough an equal yoke requires, 45
 So Hymen's torch should burn with equal fires,
 And higher if my husband's in degree,
 What do I gain? his greatness lessens me.
 The worse in this a wife thus wedded fares,
 And not an honour, but a burden bears, 50 }
 Tho' the name flatters, and the brightness glares.
 She that weds well, will wisely match her love,
 Nor be below her husband, nor above.
 My lord so seldom in my house I see,
 A stranger I should know as soon as he. 55
 To war with dreadful monsters he delights,
 And with the fiercest of the forest fights.
 While I a widow's life in wedlock lead,
 And mourn with fruitless tears my injur'd bed.
 Oft my chaste vows for him to heav'n I pay, 60
 The dangers to avert, my fears display;
 That ever you with conquest may be crown'd.
 For your defeat is mine, and mine your wound.
 My fancy still presents you to my mind,
 Amid your foes of ev'ry savage kind; 65
 The dragon's fork'd tongue methinks I view,
 And the boar's tusk, and lion's claw in you.

The worrying dogs with freezing blood I see,
 And intercept the death, and bleed for thee,
 Ill omens from my slaughter'd victims rise, 70 }
 No flame of od'rous incense upward flies,
 But the chok'd fire, as soon as kindled, dies. }
 Foreboding dreams my anxious soul affright,
 And mine are all the horrors of the night.
 Much I enquire, impatient of your fate, 75 }
 What none, or but with doubtful trust, relate,
 I hope, I fear, and with alternate pain
 At once for thee the double care sustain.
 Your mother absent feels the same alarms,
 Repents the fortune of her envy'd charms, 80 }
 That e'er they pleas'd a God, and blest his arms. }
 Me, all as a forsaken widow shun,
 Nor is Amphitryon here, nor is your son.
 No war but with Eurystheus now you wage,
 The minister of Juno's restless rage. 85 }
 Your dangers and your toils she still renews,
 Still your dear life with cruel hate pursues.
 If of your foreign loves I should complain,
 You'd laugh at my laments, and mock my pain.
 Each maid you meet to your embrace you take, 90 }
 And each that you enjoy a mother make. }
 Shall I Parthenion Auge's rape relate,
 Or what by force was Astydamia's fate ?
 You'll never blush to hear your broken vows,
 Nor think you err'd in wronging Theatra's house,

Where fifty sisters in one night you knew; 96
 But what are fifty ruin'd nymphs to you?
 Another such offence I've lately known,
 And Lamus by your lust is made my son;
 His stepdame I, and o'er the Lybian plains 100
 My rival, his abandon'd mother, reigns.
 And where thro' flow'ry vales Mæander glides,
 With winding waves, and turns with reflux tides,
 Has Hercules been seen in shameless guise,
 Ill suiting him, whose shoulders bore the skies; 105
 With bracelets deck'd, and other female geer,
 Which wanton damsels at their revels wear.
 Bright chains of gold around those arms they view,
 Which in Nemæan woods the lion slew.
 Whose skin a glorious robe, he proudly wore, 110
 And on his back the dreadful trophy bore.
 See his rude locks with gaudy ribands bound,
 And purple vests his manly limbs surround;
 Such as the soft Mæonian virgins wear,
 To catch in silken folds the flowing hair. 115
 Now horror in your mind his image breeds,
 Who fed with human flesh his pamper'd steeds;
 His conqu'ror had Busiris thus beheld,
 He'd doubt his fall, and still dispute the field.
 These toys Anteus from your neck would tear, 120
 Asham'd his victor should such trinkets wear.
 'Tis said, you with Ionian girls are seen,
 In base attendance on their haughty queen;

That baskets in your hands like them you bear,
 And the vain menace of your mistress fear. 125
 For shame; were those victorious hands design'd
 For women's service? or to free mankind?
 How think you, to the wond'ring world 'twill sound,
 That at command you turn the spindle round?
 Your work's set out, your mistress you must please,
 And your toils dwindle to such tasks as these. 131
 But your rough fingers break the slender thread,
 And from the fair a drubbing oft you dread.
 Now at her feet, methinks, I see you lie,
 While she looks from you with an angry eye. 135
 To plead for pity, you your error own,
 And brag, in your excuse, what deeds you've done.
 How, when a child, two serpents you o'ercame,
 And then the Erymanthean boar did tame.
 The heads that were on Thracian gates affix'd, 140
 And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.
 Of Diomedes, and his mares you boast,
 Of your fam'd conquests on th' Iberian coast.
 Of Gerion's herd, and Cerberus you tell,
 And the dread wonders you perform'd in hell;
 How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell. }
 How the huge giant, by a fierce embrace,
 You grip'd to death, and kill'd with a caress;
 How the swift horses that out-flew the wind,
 By you were left in race, and lagg'd behind. 150

You put them on 'Thessalian hills to flight,
 Nor you their speed, nor double forms affright,
 But ill by you are such high things exprest,
 A suppliant, like Sidonian harlots drest.
 Your tongue might by your finger well be ty'd, 155
 And you, for shame, the tale you tell her hide.
 Nor can all this alone preserve her smiles,
 She wears your arms, and triumphs with your spoils.
 Go, boast your glorious acts while all that see
 Your differing garbs, will guess you both to be, }
 Thou the soft harlot, and the hero she. 161 }
 As greater you than all your conquests are,
 The less you to your conqu'ror can compare ;
 And as you can't your lewd desires subdue,
 The mightier she, who masters them and you. 165
 To her the glory of your deeds redounds,
 And fame her pow'r with your disgrace resounds.
 The victor's praise, the laurel wreath, resign,
 Those songs and trophies are no longer thine.
 She heirs them all. Eternal shame to see 170
 That skin on her, which suited none but thee !
 And the rude robe that thou with pride hast worn,
 Her feeble limbs enfold, and sink to scorn.
 These spoils. mistaken man, are not her aim,
 Thy self's her triumph, and her spoil's thy fame. 175
 By her the merit of thy might's supprest,
 Her conquest was thyself, and thine, a beast.

She leaves the laden reel, and learns the use
Of arrows poison'd with Lernæan juice.
She, who can scarce the flying wheel command, 180
And turn the spindle with her trembling hand,
Now teaches it the massy club to wield,
Which tam'd the fiercest monsters of the field.
This with delight she in her mirror views,
Fights o'er thy fights, and all thy foes subdues, 185
Haply report, tho' loud it speaks, may err ;
Yet tell of others truth, if not of her.
I see of others what of her I hear,
And that my rage provokes, as this my fear.
A foreign wanton's to the city brought, 190
And to be false, with thee's no more a fault ;
No more solicitous thy shame to hide,
As if to publish it thou took'st a pride ;
As if to triumph here thou sent'st a slave,
To shew thy folly, and my fury brave. 195
Unbidden ; is she like a suppliant seen,
With hair neglected, and an humble mien ?
She strives not to conceal her captive state,
And ill her front erect becomes her fate.
In gold she shines, her gay attire's the same 200
As when you deign'd to act the Phrygian dame.
Who can believe, so high she holds her head,
That you're a conqu'ror, or her father dead ?
These weeping eyes your perjur'd vows can prove,
And her bold pride confirms my slighted love. 205

Perhaps you'll drive me from your bed and house,
And of a mistress make the slave your spouse.
A noble match 'twill be, should Hymen join
Her infamy in equal bonds with thine.

The God must, sure, to light his torch be glad, 210
The wife a captive, and the husband mad ;

I cannot bear the thought, it turns my brains,
Strikes to my heart, and freezes all my veins.

Me once you lov'd, and guiltless was your flame,
With double conquests to your arms I came, 215
And crown'd not more your passion than your
fame. }

Shorn of his horns Achelous hides his head,
And vanquish'd plunges in his slimy bed.

Nessus from thee receives the deadly wound,
And falling foams with rage. and bites the ground.

From the man-beast a purple deluge flow'd, 221
And stain'd Evenus with his streaming blood.

Why do I write these vain complaints to thee,
Ev'n now I hear thou dy'st, and dy'st by me ?

Mine was the poison'd robe my husband wears, 225
Whose hidden fire his crackling sinews tears.

What have I done ; What phrenzy had possest
My mind, and more than love inflam'd my breast ?

Lifeless my lord on Œta's top may lie,

And yet, ah wretch ! dost doubt if thou should'st die ?

Wilt thou thy guilt, and him, alas, survive ? 231

His widow, wilt thou, and his murd'rer, live ?

No, ne'er will I appear so fond of life,
Or shew I ill deserv'd to be his wife.
What Meleager's sister ought I'll do, 235
And both their steps with dauntless soul pursue.
Nor sister will they then, nor wife deny,
And yet, ah wretch ! dost doubt if thou should'st die ?
Unhappy house, to sudden ruin doom'd,
To exile some are sent, and some entomb'd. 240
Agrius usurps my royal father's throne,
And old Ceneus mourns a banish'd son.
Here in devouring flames another fries,
And my dear mother there self-murder'd lies.
None now of all their race is left, but I, 245
And yet, ah wretch ! dost doubt if thou should'st die ?
By all that ever to my soul was dear,
By Hymen's sacred rites and joys, I swear,
No mischief was to thee, believe me, meant ;
I knew no poison when the shirt I sent. 250
From weakness only, not design, it came,
In hopes to light afresh thy languid flame.
When Nessus fell, the fraudulent villain swore
A wond'rous charm was in his flowing gore,
That 'twould to ev'ry thing it touch'd impart 255
A virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring heart :
On thine I thought its latent pow'r to prove,
And not in malice dipt the robe, but love.
A latent pow'r it had, ah, curst deceit !
That pow'r was poison, and the charm was fate. 260

On whom didst thou its fatal magic try?
 And yet, ah wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?
 Adieu my father, country, friends: adieu,
 The light that with these dying eyes I view:
 I fly, my Hercules! to thee I fly;
 Life ebbs apace, and I with pleasure die.

265

DEJANIRA TO HERCULES.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

Argument.

DEJANIRA having heard that Hercules was fallen in love with Iole, a captive; and at the same time that he was dying by a poisoned shirt she had presented him with, and had been told would recover a lost affection; betwixt disdain and anger for the first, and grief and despair for the latter, she writes the following lines to her husband.

I'M pleas'd with the success your valour gave,
 But grieve the victor is his captive's slave.
 This unexpected news soon flew to me,
 And with your former life does ill agree.
 Continual actions, nor yet Juno's hate, 5
 Ne'er hurt whom Iöle does captivate :
 Eurystheus this, this did Jove's wife design,
 Laugh at your weakness, and these tears of mine ;
 But Jupiter hopcd better things when he,
 To make this hero, made one night of three, 10
 Venus has hurt you more by her soft charms,
 Than angry Juno that employs your arms ;

She by depressing you, rais'd you the more,
The other treads on you whom you adore.
You've freed the world from troublers of mankind,
All things submit to your heroic mind, 16
You make the seas secure, the earth have rest,
Your mighty name fills both the east and west.
Heav'n that must bear you, you did bear before,
When weary Atlas did your aid implore. 20
Yet for all this the greater is your shame,
If with mean acts you stain your glorious name,
You kill'd two serpents with your infant hand,
Which then deserv'd Jove's sceptre to command.
Your last deeds differ from your first success, 25
The infant makes the man appear the less.
No savage beasts, nor fiercer enemies,
Could conquer him whom love does now surprize.
Some think my marriage a great happiness,
Being Jove's daughter, wife of Hercules ! 30
But as extremes do very ill agree,
The greatness of my husband lessens me :
This seeming honour gives a mortal wound :
Amongst our equals happiness is found ;
At home in quiet they their lives enjoy, 35
Tumults, and wars, do all his hours employ :
This absence makes me so unfortunate,
I buy your glory at too dear a rate.
I weary heav'n with vows and sacrifice
Lest you should fall by beasts, or enemies. 40

When you assault a lion, or wild boar,
You hazard much, but still I hazard more.
Strange dreams and visions, set before mine eyes,
The dangers that attend your victories.
Unhappy I to vain reports give ear, 45
Then vainly hope and then as vainly fear,
Your absent mother blushes she pleas'd Jove,
Amphitryon's, absent, and the son you love.
I see Eurystheus has contriv'd your fate,
And will make use of Juno's restless hate. 50
This I could bear, did you love none but me,
But you are amorous of all you see.
Yet Omphale does now enrage me more.
Than all the beauties you admir'd before. 54
Mæander's streams have seen those shoulders wear
Rich chains, that heaven as a small weight did bear.
But were you not ashamed to behold,
Those arms, weigh'd down with jewels, and with
That made the fierce Nemean lion die, [gold,
And wore his skin to shew the victory: 60
When like a woman you did dress your hair,
Laurel had been for you a fitter wear.
As wanton maids, you thought it was no shame
To wear a sash, to please your haughty dame.
Fierce Diomedes was not in your mind, 65
That fed his bloody horses with mankind.
Did but Busiris, see this strange disguise,
The conquer'd would the conqueror despise;

Anteus would retrieve his captive state,
 And scorn a victor so effeminate. 70
 Among the Grecian virgins you sit down,
 And spin and tremble at a woman's frown.
 A distaff not a sceptre fills that hand
 That conquer'd all things and did all command,
 Then in her presence you do trembling stand, 75
 And fear a blow as death from her fair hand ;
 And to regain her favour you reveal
 Those glorious actions you should then conceal.
 How you that strange and fruitful serpent slew,
 That by his wounds more fierce and stronger grew.
 How when you fought you never lost the field, 81
 But made great kings and cruel monsters yield.
 And can you boast or think on things so great,
 Now you wear silks, and are with jewels set ?
 Those actions and that garb do disagree, 85
 So soft a dress does give your tongue a lye.
 Your mistress too puts on your conqu'ring arms,
 And makes you stoop to her more pow'rful charms.
 She wears your robes to shew her victory,
 And is, what you once thought yourself to be. 90
 Your glorious conquests, and illustrious fame,
 Give her renown, but you eternal shame.
 All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due ;
 Go now and brag of what remains to you.
 Is't not a shame that her soft arms should bear 95
 The lion's rugged skin once you did wear ?

The spoils are not the lion's, but your own.
The beast you conquer'd, you she overcame.
She takes your club into her feeble hand,
And in her glass she learns how to command, 100
All this I heard : Yet I could not believe
The sad report which causes me to grieve.
Your Iole is brought before my face,
I must be witness of my own disgrace.
Whilst I reflect on my unhappy fate, 105
She makes her entry in the town in state.
Not as a captive with her hair unbound,
Nor her dejected eyes fix'd on the ground ;
But cover'd o'er with jewels and with gold,
As Phrygia once did Hercules behold : 110
And salutes all with as much majesty,
As if her father had the victory.
Perhaps to leave me is design'd by you,
True to your mistress to your wife untrue,
You'll be divorc'd from me and marry her, 115
The conquer'd must obey the conqueror.
This fear torments me more than all the rest,
And as a dagger wounds my troubled breast.
I knew the time when you did love me more
Than any she whom you do now adore. 120
But oh ! as I am writing, the news flies,
That by a poison'd shirt my husband dies.
What have I done ? whither has love drove me ?
Is love the author of such cruelty ?

Shall my dear Hercules endure this pain,
 And I th' unhappy cause alive remain ?
 My title to him by my death I'll prove,
 And surely death's an argument of love,
 Meleager will a sister find in me :
 Shall Dejanira be afraid to die ?
 Unhappy house ! Usurpers fill the throne,
 Whilst the true sov'reign is esteem'd by none,
 One brother wastes his life in foreign lands,
 The other perish'd by his mother's hands,
 Who on herself reveng'd the crime : Then why
 Should Dejanira be afraid to die ?
 Only this thing I beg with my last breath,
 Not to believe that I design'd your death.
 As soon as you struck Nessus with your dart,
 His blood he said would charm a straying heart,
 In it I dip'd the shirt ; 'twas but to try :
 O Dejanira, make, make haste to die :
 Adieu my father, sister too adieu !
 Adieu my country, and my brother, too !
 Farewell this light the last that I shall see,
 Hyllus farewell ; my dear, I come to thee.

125

130

141

145

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

BY MR. R. DUKE.

Argument.

ACONTIUS, in the temple of Diana at Delos, (famous for the resort of the most beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own station ; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her ; he writes upon the fairest apple that could be procured, a couple of verses to this effect :

“ I swear by chaste Diana, I will be

“ In sacred wedlock ever join'd to thee ;

and throws it at the feet of the young lady : she suspecting not the deceit, takes it up, and reads it. and therein promises her-self in marriage to Acontius ; there being a law there in force, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observed. But her father not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the solemnities of marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a punishment of the breach of the vow made in her presence. And this, with the rest of the arguments, which on such an occasion would occur to a lover, is the subject of the following epistle.

READ boldly this, here you shall swear no more,
 For that's enough which you have sworn before.
 Read it ; so may that violent disease,
 Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
 Forget its too long practis'd cruelty,
 And health to you restore, and you to me.

Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
 As when you first did in the temple swear.
 Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim :
 And truth can never be the cause of shame. 10
 Shame lives with guilt, but you your virtue prove
 In fav'ring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
 Ah! to yourself these binding words repeat,
 That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet, }
 When th' apple brought 'em dancing to your feet. }
 There you will find the solemn vow you made, 16
 Which, if your health, or mine, can aught persuade,
 You to perform should rather mindful be,
 Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
 My fears for you increase with my desire, 20
 And hope blows that already raging fire.
 For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
 For the great Goddess of the fane was by;
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
 A sudden kind auspicious light did shine; 25
 Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
 And give its glad consent to what you said.
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous cheat,
 Yet still confess 'twas love that taught me it.
 In that deceit what did I else design, 30
 But with your own consent to make you mine?
 What you my crime, I call my innocence,
 Since loving you has been my sole offence.

Nor nature gave me, nor has practise taught
 The nets with which young virgins hearts are caught.
 You my accuser taught me to deceive, 36
 And love, with you, did his assistance give ;
 For love stood by, and smiling bade me write
 The cunning words he did himself indite :
 Again you see I write by his command, 40
 He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand ;
 Again, such kind, such loving words I send,
 As makes me fear that I again offend.
 Yet if my love's a crime, I must confess
 Great is my guilt, but never shall be less ; 45
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove !
 In finding out new paths to reach thy love.
 A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
 Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
 All these will I find out, and break thro' all, 50
 For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's small.
 The Gods alone know what the end will be ;
 Yet if we mortals any thing foresee,
 One way or other you must yield to me. }
 If all my arts should fail, to arms I'll fly, 55
 And snatch by force what you my prayers deny :
 I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,
 Who first have led me this illustrious road,
 I too—but hold, death, the reward will be ;
 Death be it then—— } 60
 For to lose you is more than death to me.

Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way
 Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay.
 But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
 And something wond'rous, as itself, inspires; 65
 Those eyes that all the heav'nly lights out-shine,
 (Which oh! may'st thou behold, and love in
 mine)
 Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall;
 If you the vows you made, regard at all;
 That modest sweetness, and becoming grace, 70
 That paints with living red your blushing face;
 Those feet, with which they only can compare,
 That through the silver flood bright Thetis bear;
 Do all conspire my madness to excite,
 With all the rest that is deny'd to sight. 75
 Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,
 And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest.
 No wonder then if with such beauty fir'd,
 I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will, 80
 Your very frowns all other smiles excel;
 But give me leave that anger to appease
 By my submission, that my love did raise.
 Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,
 The humble posture of your guilty slave. 85
 With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
 And lay the rising tempest of your soul.

Why in my absence are you thus severe ?
 Summon'd at your tribunal to appear,
 For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there; 90 }
 With pride whatever you inflict receive,
 And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give.
 Your fetters too——But they, alas, are vain,
 For love has bound me, and I hug my chain,
 Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey, 95 }
 Till you yourself at last relent, and say,
 When all my suff'rings you with pity see,
 " He that can love so well is worthy me."
 But if all this should unsuccessful prove,
 Diana claims for me your promis'd love. 100 }
 O may my fears be false ! yet she delights
 In just revenge of her abused rites.

dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
 Lest you should think that for myself I plead.
 Yet out it must,-----'Tis this, 'tis surely this, 105 }
 That is the fuel to your hot disease ;
 When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
 Her fatal messenger the Goddess sends ;
 And when you would to his kind call consent,
 This fever does your perjury prevent. 110 }
 Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her rage,
 Which you so easily may yet assuage.
 Forbear to make that lovely charming face
 The prey to ev'ry envious disease :

Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me, 115
 Which none should ever but with wonder see :
 Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,
 Whose blooming flame did all beholders burn.
 But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all
 The ills that from Diana's anger fall, 120
 No greater torments light, than those I feel,
 When you my dearest, tend'rest part are ill.
 For oh ! with what dire tortures am I rackt,
 Whom diff'rent griefs successively distract !
 Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow, 125
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you :
 Then great Diana's witness, how I pray,
 That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay.
 Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I come,
 And all around 'em up and down I roam : 130
 'Till I your woman coming from you spy,
 With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
 With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
 More than new questions suffer her to tell : 135
 How you had slept, what diet you had us'd ?
 And oft the vain physician's art accus'd.
 He ev'ry hour (oh, were I blest as he !)
 Does all the turns of your distemper see ;
 Why sit not I by your bed-side all day, 140
 My mournful head in your warm bosom lay,
 I ill with my tears the inward fires decay ?

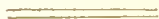
Why press not I your melting hand in mine,
 And from your pulse of my own health divine?
 But oh! these wishes all are vain; and he 145
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee, }
 Forgetful as thou art of heav'n and me.
 He that lov'd hand does press, and oft does feign
 Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.
 Then his bold hand up to your arm does slide, 150
 And in your panting breast itself does hide;
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
 For his officious care too great a fee.
 Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,
 And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap? 155
 For they are mine, so is that bosom too,
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you:
 Take, take away those thy adult'rous hands,
 For know, another lord that breast commands.
 'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee, 160
 But heav'n and she first gave herself to me;
 And you in justice therefore should decline
 Your claim to that which is already mine.
 This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
 Diana's rage to vindicate her rites, 165
 Command him then not to approach thy door,
 This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
 For fear not, hauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
 Which great Diana heard, and did allow,

And she who took it, will thy health restore, 170
 And be propitious as she was before.
 " 'Tis not the steam of a slain heifer's blood,
 " That can allay the anger of a God.
 " 'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease
 " Their angry deities, and without these 175
 " No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert;
 " For that's a sacrifice without a heart."
 Some bitter potions patiently endure,
 And kiss the wounding lance that works their cure.
 You have no need these cruel cures to feel, 180
 Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
 Why let you still your pious parents weep,
 Whom you in ign'rance of your promise keep?
 Oh! to your mother all our story tell,
 And the whole progress of our love reveal; 185
 Tell her how first at great Diana's shrine
 I fix'd my eyes, my wond'ring eyes, on thine:
 How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
 Whilst on thy face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
 She will herself, when you my tale repeat, 190
 Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
 Marry, she'll say, whom Heav'n commends to thee;
 He who has pleas'd Diana pleases me.
 But should she ask from what descent I came,
 My country, and my parents, and my name, 195
 Tell her that none of these deserve my shame.

Had you not sworn, you such a one might choose ;
But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
This in my dreams Diana bid me write,
And when I wak'd sent Cupid to indite : 200
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee. }
Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love. 205
'To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our off'rings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll consecrate,
Of the false apple's innocent deceit ;
And write below the happy verse, that came 210
The messenger of my successful flame ;
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe, has been faithful to her vow."
More I would write, but since thy illness reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains, 215
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

CYDIPPE, HER ANSWER TO ACONTIUS.

BY MR. BUTLER.



IN silent fear I read your letter o'er ;
 Lest I should swear as I had done before !
 Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t' engage
 By my neglect the peevish goddess' rage :
 In vain I deck her shrine, her rites attend, 5
 The partial goddess still remains your friend.
 A virgin rather should a virgin aid,
 But where I seek relief I am betray'd !
 I languish, and the cause of my disease
 As yet lies hid, no med'cine gives me ease. 10
 In how much pain do I this letter write,
 To my weak hand my sicklier thoughts indite :
 What anxious fear, alas, afflicts me too,
 Lest any but my trusty nurse should know !
 To gain me time to write, the door she keeps, 15
 And whisp'ring tells the visitants, she sleeps.
 Worse ills I could not for your sake sustain,
 Tho' you had merit equal to my pain.

Your love betrays, my beauty proves my snare,
I had been happy had I seem'd less fair : 20
Whilst with your rival you contend to raise
My beauty's fame, I perish by your praise :
Whilst neither will admit the other's claim,
The chace is hinder'd, and both miss the game.
My nuptial day draws on, my parents press 25
The sacred rites, my blooming years no less :
But whilst glad Hymen at my door attends,
Grim death waits near to force me from his hands.
Some call my sickness chance, and some pretend
The gods this lett to cross my nuptials send : 30
Whilst by severer censure you are guest
By Philtr's to have wrought upon my breast.
If then your love such mischief can create,
What mis'ry is reserv'd for her you hate !

Would I to Delos ne'er had found the way, 35
At least not found it on that fatal day,
When in our port our anchors first we weigh'd,
Th' unwilling vessel still i' th' harbour stay'd ;
Twice did cross winds beat back our flagging sails ;
Said I, cross winds ? no, those were prosp'rous gales !
Those winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd 41
Our slip, and those that oft our passage stay'd,
Yet I to see fam'd Delos am in pain,
And fondly of each hind'ring blast complain.
By Tenos isle, and Myconé we steer'd ; 45
At last fair Delos' winding cliffs appear'd ;

And much I fear lest now the Fairy shore
 Should vanish as 'tis said t' have done before.
 At night we land ; soon as the day return'd,
 My platted tresses are with gems adorn'd ; 50
 Then to attend the sacred rites we go,
 And pious incense on each altar throw.
 My parents there at their devotion stay ;
 My nurse and I thro' all the temple stray :
 We view each court and each fresh wonder brings
 Pictures, and statues, gifts of ancient kings,
 But whilst into these rarities I pry'd,
 I am myself by sly Acontius spy'd.
 Thence to the inmost temple we remove,
 The place that should a sanctuary prove. 60
 Yet there I find the apple with this rhyme——
 Ah me ! I'd like to 've sworn the second time
 The name of wedlock I no sooner read,
 But thro' my cheeks a troubled blush was spread.
 Why didst thou cheat an unsuspecting maid ? 65
 I should have been entreated, not betray'd :
 Is then the goddess bound to take thy part ?
 And ratify an oath without the heart ?
 The will consents, but that was absent there ;
 I read indeed the oath, but did not swear. 70
 Yet cannot I deny that I suspect
 Diana's rage this sickness does inflict ;
 Glad Hymen thrice did to our courts repair,
 Thrice frighted fled to find death planted there.

Thin cov'rings on my fev'rish limbs are spread, 75
My parents mourn me as already dead.

What have I done to merit this distress,
Reading but words whose fraud I could not guess!
Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my suff'rings spring,
T'appease the goddess' rage thine off'rings bring. 80
When will those hands that writ the fatal rhyme,
Bear incense to remove my pain, thy crime!

Nor think that thy rich rival, tho' allow'd
To visit, is of greater favours proud.
By me he sits, but still just distance keeps, 85
Restless as I, talks seldom, often weeps :
Blushing he takes a kiss, and leaves a tear,
And once his courage serv'd to cry—my dear.
But from his arms still by degrees I creep,
And to prevent discourse pretend to sleep. 90
He finds, but would his sense, o'the flight disguise ;
He checks his tongue, but chides me with his eyes.
With grief he wastes, and I with fever pine,
'Tis we that suffer, but th' offence was thine.

You write for leave to come and see me here, 95
You know your former visit cost me dear.

Why wouldst thou hither come? thou canst but see
The double trophies of thy cruelty.

My flesh consum'd, my cheeks of bloodless hue,
Such as I once did in the apple view. 100

Should'st see me now, thou would'st repent thy cheat,
Nor think me worth, such exquisite deceit.

To Delos back with greater haste would'st go,
And beg the goddess to release my vow :
On new designs thy fancy would'st employ, 105
Contrive new oaths the former to destroy.

No means have been omitted to procure
My health, but still my fev'rish fits endure.
We ask'd the oracle what caus'd my pains ?
The oracle of broken vows complains ! 110

The gods themselves on your behalf declare :
What hast thou done to merit this their care ?
But so it is—and I at last incline,
Since that thou art their choice, to make thee mine.
Already to my mother I've declar'd, 115
How by your cunning I have been ensnar'd.
I've done, and what I have already said,
I fear, is more than will become a maid.
My thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite,
No more my feeble hands, no more can write, 120
Nor need I more subscribe, but this, be true ;
And (since it must be so) my dear, adieu.

THE
THREE EPISTLES
OF
AULUS SABINUS:
IN ANSWER TO AS MANY OF
OVID.

TRANSLATED BY
Mr. SALUSBURY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AULUS SABINUS flourish'd in the reign of Augustus, and was contemporary with Ovid. He wrote a Book of Elegies to his mistress Terisena ; and left some unfinished Poems about the ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies ; and also wrote several Epistles like Ovid's, in answer to so many of that excellent Poet's, viz. Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Jason to Hypsipyle, Phaon to Sapho, Ulysses to Penelope, Demophoon to Phyllis, and Paris to Cœnone ; of all which, excepting the three last, the injury of time has deprived us.

The learned Heinsius, speaking of these three Epistles, calls them a treasure ; and indeed they express so much of a true poetic genius, and maintain their character so well, that it has been thought fit in this edition to give them an English version ; since in all the late and best editions of Ovid's works, these Epistles of Sabinus are found inserted.

EPISTLE I.

ULYSSES TO PENELOPE.

Argument.

ULYSSES having received Penelope's epistle, by this answer endeavours to clear her doubts, and calm her thoughts. He tells with what fortitude he had gone through the various hardships that had befallen him; and that having consulted Tiresias and Pallas, he was determined to return suddenly to Ithaca; but (to comply with the oracles) alone, and in disguise. And as he is careful to magnify his love and fears for her, and her extraordinary constancy and chastity: so he forgets not to tell her, what he saw in Elysium, whither he went to consult Tiresias.

CHANCE does at last let sad Ulysses see
 The welcome lines of his Penelope;
 So much thy known dear characters did please,
 That my long troubles found an instant ease.
 If I am slow, 'tis only to relate
 To thee my many wounds from angry fate.
 Well might the Greeks indeed have thought me slow,
 When by feign'd madness I delay'd to go:
 Nor had I will or power to leave thy bed,
 But to possess thy charms from honour fled.
 You bid me come, and never stay to write;
 But adverse winds detain me from your sight.

Troy hinders not, a place once so rever'd,
In ashes now, nor longer to be fear'd.
Hector and all her mighty men of fame 15
Are now no more, are nothing but a name :
By night the Thracian monarch Rhesus slain,
I safely to our camp return'd again,
Leading his warlike horses, my just spoil,
The noble triumph for the victor's toil. 20
The shrine, wherein the Phrygian safety lay,
My fortunate contrivance brought away.
Clos'd in that horse which prov'd the bane of Troy,
Unmov'd I heard Cassandra cry——Destroy
The engine quick ; the foe your ruin seeks : 25
Burn, burn it quite, nor trust the crafty Greeks.
'To me oblig'd the great Achilles lies,
For his last rites, his fun'ral obsequies :
Which action so the Grecian army warms,
For his recover'd corps they give his arms. 30
But, what avails ! the sea has all engrost !
My ships, my arms, and my companions lost !
Tho' all things else fate's cruelties remove,
They have no pow'r to shake my constant love :
That still endures, and triumphs over all ; 35
Nor can by Scylla, or Charybdis fall :
To alter that the charming Sirens fail ;
Nor can the fell Antiphates prevail.
Not touch'd by Circe's arts, from her I fled ;
Nay shunn'd the proffer of a Goddess' bed : 40

Each promis'd, so she might become my wife,
 To give me deathless joys, and endless life.
 Both I reject, and having thee in view,
 My dang'rous travels cheerfully renew.
 (Let not these female names beget new fears, 45
 Alarm thy breast, or drown thine eyes in tears)
 What Circe, what Calypso could effect,
 Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.
 That you my open soul may naked view,
 I will confess that I have fear'd for you. 50
 When I was told how num'rous a resort
 Of eager rivals crowded in your court,
 All pale I grew ; life left my outward part,
 Scarce the retiring blood preserv'd my heart.
 Besieg'd by pressing youthful lovers round, 55
 Their bowls with wine, their heads with roses crown'd.
 My growing doubts to wild disorders haste ;
 Ah ! can I think she still is mine, and chaste !
 If me she wept, her charms would not be such :
 Could she thus conquer, if she sorrow'd much ? 60
 Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
 How well your chaste, your pious arts deceive
 Your hasty suitors, and procure delay,
 By night undoing what you weave by day ;
 Yet fear I, lest some busy lover's eyes 65
 Thee at thy honest artifice surprise.
 Better by Polyphemus had I dy'd,
 Than know thee sacrific'd to lust and pride ;

Better to Thracian arms have fallen a prey,
Whilst there as yet my wand'ring navy lay : 70
Or then have yielded finally to fate,
When I return'd safe from the Stygian state.
'Twas there I saw, among th' immortal dead,
My late dear mother's venerable shade.
She told her house's troubles to her son ; 75
I griev'd she thrice did my embraces shun.
There too the great Protesilaus I met,
Who, scorning death, first of the Grecian fleet, }
With hostile arms the Phrygian shores did greet. }
Now happy with his much-prais'd wife he roves, 80
Fearless of change, through the Elysian groves :
Lamenting not he did so young descend ;
Pleas'd with an early, since so brave an end.
I saw, alas ! nor could from tears refrain,
The noble Agamemnon newly slain ; 85
That mighty chief, glorious and safe at Troy,
Escaping too in the Eubœan sea,
Where furious Nauplius' horrid arts had done
Such ills, for vengeance for his guilty son.
But whilst rejoicing for his safe return, 90
Atrides does his grateful incense burn,
By impious hands his sacred blood is spill'd,
And by a thousand wounds the prince is kill'd :
This tragic end had the great hero's life,
Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched wife ! 95

Pretending vengeance for his am'rous crime,
 To cover hers, strikes first and murders him.
 When victory had blest the Grecian side,
 And we our Trojan prisoners did divide,
 Great Hector's wife and sister I refuse, 100
 And ancient Hecuba do rather chuse ;
 To her neglected age I give my voice,
 Lest love might seem to mingle in the choice.
 No longer her in human form we meet,
 A fearful omen to my parting fleet. 105
 Her enrag'd heart with grief and rancour burns,
 And suddenly to a mad bitch she turns;
 In barking, howls, and snarling now she ends
 The loud complaints her wild affliction sends.
 As if amaz'd, the late calm winds and sea 110
 Start into tempests at the prodigy.
 By dang'rous storms now am I rudely tost ;
 Now wand'ring long in unknown regions lost.
 But if the wise Tiresias can as well
 Our future joys as miseries foretel ; 115
 The prophesy'd disasters having past,
 I enter on my kinder fate at last.
 Pallas now joins me, on an unknown coast :
 Safe led by her, I can no more be lost.
 Pallas, whom now the first time I salute 120
 Since Ilium's fall, with pleasure hears my suit.
 What mighty ills upon the Greeks were brought
 By rash Oilides' bold and single fault ?

Not ev'n Tydides did the Goddess spare,
His virtue too did our affliction share. 125
None could his favour or his merit plead,
But all were punish'd for the impious deed.
Yet happy Menelaus no chance could harm ;
His beauteous wife was still a counter-charm ;
In vain the winds, in vain the billows rage, 130
While she is there his passion to assuage,
Winds had no pow'r his kisses to restrain,
Nor his embraces the tumultuous main.
Thrice happy I, did I but travel so,
For calm'd by thee all seas would gentle grow : 135
But since Telemachus with thee I hear
Is safe, extremely lessen'd is my care ;
Whose too rash voyage yet I needs must blame,
Whatever Sparta could or Pylos claim.
Too weak th' excuse ev'n of his piety, 140
For vent'ring out in such a dang'rous sea.
But now the prophet bids me hope, ill fate
Is o'er, and now I thy embraces wait.
Alone I come ; temper thy rising joy,
For all excesses equally destroy. 145
Not open force, but management and art,
The Gods foretel, will victory impart.
Amidst a feast, and in the heights of wine,
Perhaps my just revenge I may design,
And make the scorn'd Ulysses nobler shine. }

Swift fly the hours, and speed that happy day ;
 And when arriv'd for ages let it stay :
 That day ! which shall restore joys so long fled,
 And all th' intrancing pleasures of thy bed.

EPISTLE II.

DEMOPHOON TO PHILLIS.

Argument.

PHILLIS, the young queen of Thrace, impatient of the too long absence of her lately married husband Demophoon, the son of Theseus, King of Athens, had written him a very passionate letter intermixed with hope, fear, love, and despair; which letter Demophoon receiving, he returns this answer: wherein owning her kindness, he shews he loves her with an extreme passion, and that he has no thoughts of any other love; tells her that the disorders of his family, requiring more time to re-settle than he expected, are the true and only cause of his stay. He gently blames her doubts and her impatience; handsomely excuseth himself; promises an inviolable constancy, and that, his affairs settled, he will certainly return.

WHILE this is from recover'd Athens sent,
 Can I forget the aid my Phillis lent?
 No other torch has Hymen held for me,
 Ah! were I happy now, as then with thee!
 Theseus (whose noble blood your mind did move 5
 Much less than your own free unbiass'd love)
 Hard fate for us! driv'n from his regal throne,
 But death has put the bold usurper down.
 Theseus, who did an equal glory share,
 With great Alcides in the toils of war, 10

When the brave heroes with united strength,
Broke the fierce Amazonian troops at length :
Theseus, who, when the Minotaur, he'd slain,
Did of an enemy a father gain :
Could such a prince, could such a parent be, 15
Without a crime, abandon'd, left by me ?
This my dear Phillis is Demophoon's charge ;
On this my brother loudly does, enlarge.
You press, he cries, for the fair Thracian's charms,
And all your courage soften'd in her arms ; 20
Swiftly the while occasion flies away,
And our disasters, grow by your delay ;
Our father's fate, had you made haste on board,
You had prevented or with ease restor'd ;
Should Athens less to you than Thrace appear, 25
And why a woman more than both be dear ?
Thus rages Acamas : Old Ethra now,
With equal anger bends her wrinkled brow ;
That her son's hands close not her aged eyes,
On my delay with feeble wrath she flies. 30
I silent stand while me they both accuse,
Nor on their anger but thy absence muse.
Methinks this moment still I hear 'em say,
While on thy coast my shatter'd navy lay :
To sea, to sea, the weather now is kind, 35
On board and spread thy canvas to the wind ;
By what, hard Demophoon, art thou so took !
To thy lost country, and thy father look.

Phillis you love ; her your example make,
Her country she for love will not forsake ; 40
Begs your return but with you will not stir ;
And does a barb'rous crown to yours prefer.
Yet in the midst of all how oft I pray'd
By adverse winds to be still longer stay'd !
Oft when I parting did embracc thy neck, 45
I blest the storms that did our parting check.
Nor to my father will I fear to own
Whate'er for my sweet Phillis I have done ;
That I avow, or he that story hear,
Is owing to the merits of my fair. 50
I'll tell him freely that I could not leave
Thy dear embraces, but my soul must grieve.
What rocky breast from such a wife could part,
But weeping eyes would speak his sinking heart;
The ships she might deny, she does bestow, 55
And only bids they be a little slow.
Nor can he choose but pardon such a crime,
Bright Ariadne's not so lost in him :
Up to the stars whene'er he casts his eyes,
He sees his shining mistress in the skies. 60
My father's blam'd, as he his wife forsook,
Tho' by a god she forcibly was took :
Shall my ill fate too, Phillis, be the same ?
Enquire the cause, nor me unjustly blame.
Take this sure pledge for Demophoon's return, 65
His heart for you and only you does burn.

Is't possible you ignorant should be
Of the disasters of my family ?
I mourn a parent's fate involv'd in snares,
And oh ! that nothing else employ'd my cares, 70
My soul laments a noble brother dead,
'Torn by his frightened horses as he fled.
Not to excuse returning, have I told,
Some of the many causes that with-hold
Me from thy ports. Believe it fortune's crime, 75
That I still beg of thee, a little time.
Declining Theseus I must first inter :
Honour will that to ev'ry thing prefer.
That done, for which my pray'rs I do repeat,
For leave to Thraee I instantly retreat. 80
I am not false, but still adore thy charms ;
Nor do I think I'm safe but in thy arms.
Nor war nor tempests since the fall of Troy,
Could me in my return so much annoy,
To cause delay : No, that was only seen 85
Effected by the kind fair Thracian queen.
Cast on thy shores, thou freely didst supply,
To all my pressing wants a remedy,
Be still the same : then nothing shall remove
The happy Demophoon from Phillis love. 90
What if a ten years war should now renew,
That honour should engage me to pursue ?
Penelope thy great example be,
So fam'd for her unspotted chastity.

Her curious artful web, ill understood, 95
 Did her hot lovers cunningly clude,
 The woof advanc'd by day, the nights restrain,
 And ravel to its primitive wool again.
 But you with fear, it seems, are almost dead,
 Lest the scorn'd Thracians should despise your }
 bed. 100
 Ah, cruel! would you with another wed?
 Is then your love, is then your faith so light?
 Nor can the fear of broken vows affright?
 Think what your shame, think what your grief will
 When my returning sails from far you see. [be,
 Then all in vain repenting tears will flow, 106
 And own the constancy you question now.
 Demophoon comes! then in amaze you'll cry;
 And to my arms thro' winter storms does fly.
 Ah, why so great a guilt did I contract! 110
 And what I blam'd in him why did I act?
 But heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be said,
 That thy fair virtue could be so misled.
 If such a fate should on my Phillis light,
 The mighty load would overwhelm me quite. 115
 But ah! what direful threat'ning words are those
 With which your letter you unkindly close!
 Abstain, at least, till greater cause you see,
 To charge my house with double perfidy.
 If to desert the Cretan were a fault, 120
 Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.

Farewell my hope's best object, soul of love :
All that obstructs our meeeting, heav'n remove ;
May ev'ry joy love can, or fortune give,
For ever with my charming Phillis live. 125
The winds now hear my words ; my person they, }
I hope shall safely to thy arms convey ; }
There to repeat another nuptial day. }
My wishes are with thee ; and that I pause,
My duty and my honour are the cause. 130

EPISTLE III.

PARIS TO CENONE.

Argument.

THE forsaken nymph Oenone having written to Paris, to persuade him to return again to her embraces, and to send back the fair Grecian to her husband: Paris, in this epistle, endeavours to extenuate his fault; laying the blame sometimes on fate and fortune, and sometimes on the force of love. With gentle words he tries to mitigate her affliction; and concludes, advising her to exert her utmost skill in magic (for which she was famous) to procure quiet to herself, by reviving his passion for her, or by extinguishing her own.

WHILE you of me so justly, nymph, complain,
I seek for plausible replies in vain.

I own my fault, confess my broken vows,
Yet my new love no penitence allows.

May this acknowledgment procure thee rest, 5
And calm the tempest of C  none's breast.

I Cupid's slave his order but obey,
Deserting thee for charming Helena.

Your wit and beauty, nymph, you know did move
My first young wishes, and my bloom of love. 10

My glorious birth then troubled not our joy;
Love and our flocks did all our thoughts employ.

If talk of greatness mingled with our sport,
I swore CEnone might adorn a court.
Thus tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee smile 15
Love ; whom to reason what can reconcile ?
When you from Pan and from the satyrs fled,
To take a private shepherd to your bed,
Was it your reason then you did pursue ?
Or kept your aught besides your love in view ? 20
My present passion is from fate ; for ere
I did of Leda's beauteous daughter hear,
Inspir'd Cassandra did foretel the thing,
Paris shall Helena to Ilium bring.
In ev'ry circumstance, too well you see 25
Th' event has justify'd her prophecy :
Except those wounds of mine, which yet remain,
To bring me to my pitying nymph again,
Still I remember sweet CEnone's fear,
When first we did the strange prediction hear. 30
Melting in tears——Ah then, will fate remove
Her Paris from the lost CEnone's love !
Must he such wars, slaughters, and ruin bring !
Be found a prince, thus to involve the king !
Love taught me threaten'd dangers to despise ; 35
And love equipt me for my enterprize,
To him impute the crime, and me forgive,
The god, not Paris does the nymph deceive.
Against his pleasure what can mortals say, 39
Whose pow'r th' immortal gods themselves obey ?

When mighty Jove the fire of Cupid burns,
Into a thousand various shapes he turns.
Europa's bull, and Danae's golden show'r,
Put each a lovely virgin in his pow'r.
Not charming Helen (cause of all thy care) 45
Had been so wond'rous, so divinely fair,
Had not great Jove the silver plumes put on,
And cheated Leda with a seeming swan.
O'er piny Ida, Jove, an eagle flies
With his lov'd Ganymede to distant skies. 50
The valiant Hercules, so fierce and bold,
For Omphale, and a weak distaff hold :
Ciad like a maid he sat him down to spin,
And conqu'ring she put on the lion's skin.
Yourself Apollo's proffer'd love decline, 55
And shun a God's embraces to be mine.
Not that a shepherd with a God can vye,
But it so pleases Cupid's deity.
If my new passion still thy mind displease,
Yet this at least methinks might give thee ease ; 60
That nothing in my breast could quench thy love,
But the bright daughter of the awful Jove ;
Tho' yet her boasted birth and mighty race
Inflame me less than her enchanting face.
I wish I had unskill'd in beauty been ; 65
Then rival Goddesses I had not seen :
Not been obnoxious to great Juno's hate ;
Nor wise Minerva then should irritate.

The fatal apple I to Venus gave,
Binds me for ever Cytherea's slave. 70
She her son's darts will distribute around,
And give him orders when and where to wound;
Yet is herself oft wounded by his dart :
The wanton boy spares not his mother's heart.
Mars to her bed so often did resort, 75
All heav'n at last was witness to their sport.
Then to attract Anchises to her arms,
Appears a mortal with celestial charms.
What wonder love should have transported me,
When his own mother Venus is not free! 80
Wrong'd Menelaus, tho' hated, loves : Can I,
On whom she dotes, from the fair princess fly ?
I see the gath'ring clouds from Sparta rise,
And threat'ning tempests thicken in the skies.
The angry Greeks with armies menace us, 85
And hostile fleets rig out for Pergamus.
Let 'em come on, and fight us if they dare :
To keep this beauty, we accept their war.
Her face, CEnone's so divine a thing,
'Tis worth the cares and dangers of a king. 90
The Grecian princes, hastening all to arms,
Enough evince, (if you still doubt her charms :)
But her, for whom thy fleets and armies send,
With greater force the Trojans will defend.
If any hope, CEnone, you retain, 95
Of ever freeing me from Helen's chain,

Quick to those pow'rful herbs and arts repair,
By which thou rul'st in heav'n, in earth, and air.
Not Phœbus' self is learneded than thee,
Scarce are the Gods from thy strong magic free.
Thou, by the mighty workings of thine art, 101
From their pale orbs the trembling stars canst part,
Call down the moon, the sun's swift motion stay,
Protract the darkness, and arrest the day.
As bulls I fed, among the herd there came 105
Fierce lions, made by thy enchantments tame.
Swift Simois and Xanthus' crystal wave
Forbore to flow, when your command you gave.
Your father Cebres' waters too submit ;
Nor slight thy charm, since all acknowledge it. 110
Now, wisest nymph, exert thy utmost art,
Quench thy own fires, or re-inflame my heart.

Printed by RICKABY,
Anno 1795.

F I N I S.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

	Page.
PENELOPE to Ulysses, by Mr. Rhymer,	1
The same, by Mrs. Wharton,	6
Hypsipyle to Jason, by Mr. Settle,	13
Medea to Jason, by Mr. Tate,	20
Phædra to Hippolitus, by Mr. Otway,	29
Dido to Æneas, by Mr. Dryden,	37
The same, unknown,	46
Briseis to Achilles, by Sir John Caryl,	57
Dejanira to Hercules, by Mr. Oldmixon,	63
The same, unknown,	74
Acontius to Cydippe, by Mr. Richard Duke,	80
Cydippe to Acontius, by Mr. Butler,	89
Ulysses to Penelope,	97
Demopheon to Phillis,	104
Paris to Oenone,	110

